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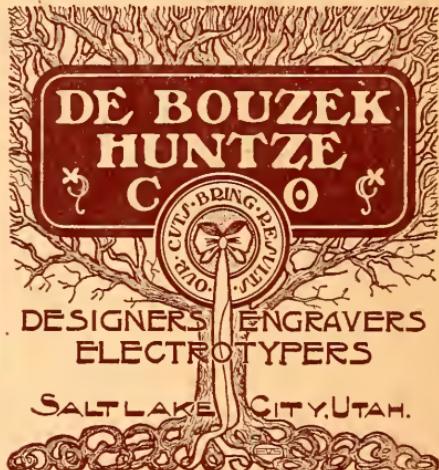
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"I Desire to State that I have very much enjoyed the reading matter of the ERA which has come so regularly. I have just read the first number of the new volume. Sure, and its 'champion,' as they say here."—Stayner Richards, Gateshead, England, November 23, 1909.

H. R. Merrill, writing from Belfast, Ireland, says: "I have been deeply interested in the articles and editorials of the ERA since I have been here in Ireland doing missionary work. The paper is a great power for good among the elders. We get many useful articles and doctrines from it besides the many excellent travel sketches and stories which all teach some good lesson. I trust that our people may be brought to appreciate its value more fully."

A Description of the Deseret Gymnasium, an account of Manti City and her recent semi-centennial, and other matter, were crowded out of this number, and will appear in February.

Two Errors crept into the last number of the ERA. Lillian Connelly should have been credited with having drawn the artistic sketches that accompanied Lydia Alder's poem.

Then the third verse of the poem entitled "God's Victory," by William J. Kohlberg, should have read:

When we can give the slighted
More aid than sympathy,
And then heal wounds unsighted—
Is that not victory?

IMPROVEMENT ERA, JANUARY, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, } Editors HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
EDWARD H. ANDERSON, } MORONI SNOW, Assistant

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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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No 3.

Belief in God.*

BY REV. J. R. DUMMELOW, M. A.

[The following article is published by permission of the MacMillan Company, Publishers, No. 64-66 Fifth Avenue, New York. It is taken from *A Commentary on the Holy Bible*, by various writers, edited by the Rev. J. R. Dummelow, M. A., Queen's College, Cambridge. The article, "Belief in God," is a number of times quoted by the editor and compiler of the *Seventy's Year Book* for 1910, Elder B. H. Roberts, who recommends the above named work to the Seventies as one of the best one-volume and up-to-date commentaries published. He was anxious that the following article should appear in full in the ERA, and upon application being made to the above named publishers, who hold the copyright to the work, permission was given, and the valuable article accordingly is presented to our readers.—EDITORS.]

The central subject of the Bible is God. The book opens with an account of his creation of the heavens and the earth (Gen. 1: 1), and concludes with a description of the new heavens and earth (Rev. 21)—the ideal to which creation is moving, and wherein God himself shall be the immediate source of illumination and the object of worship.

Throughout the Bible God is referred to as almighty, all-

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wise, and all-holy, the eternal creator, sustainer, and moral governor of the universe. He is represented as entering into special relations with his highest creature, man, who is created in his image, after his likeness (Gen. 1: 26, 27), to be his vicegerent upon earth (Gen. 1: 26-28), and to increase in sympathy and fellowship with himself. Man has, however, abused his highest gift of free-will, and so introduced sin into the world, a blot upon the fair creation, and a hereditary taint upon his own stock. Henceforth God's relation to man is changed. The glad love of pure beneficence becomes the wistful love of redemptive purpose. And in due time is chosen out for specially intimate relations with God, a single tribe—the "seed of Abraham." Israel is "elected," *i. e.*, chosen out for special privilege and guidance, not from any motives of favoritism, but in order that he may be the vehicle of blessing to all mankind. To Israel—and through Israel to all men—is given an even deeper and clearer revelation of the character and will of God—that revelation which we see running through all the Old Testament, and reaching its climax in Jesus Christ (cp. Heb. 1: 1-5f). Different misconceptions are successfully purged away as opportunity occurs. At Sinai any lingering taint of idolatry and crude anthropomorphism is purged by the revelation of the ten commandments, and the natural tendency to irreverent, easy-going approach to the Almighty is met by the elaborate system of strict ceremonial. The prophets of the eighth century B. C. point out the futility of ceremonial reformation apart from righteousness of character, and go far towards removing the still prevailing misconceptions by which the Lord was regarded as the tribal God of Israel, pledged to protect and support them, irrespective of their deserts. The Lord is "exalted in judgment" (Isaiah 5: 16), and no respecter of persons. Special closeness involves special responsibility (Amos 3: 2). Side by side with this comes a universalizing tendency, a growing realization of the one God's equal rule and care of all mankind (Amos 9: 7; Isaiah 2: 2, 3; 19: 18-25), which finds strong emphasis in some of the later Psalms (cp. *e. g.* Ps. 96, 100, 117), and in the book of Jonah.

Meanwhile the discipline of perplexity, which had its effect upon the Hebrew people throughout their history, but most markedly during the Babylonian exile, purified and spiritualized

the conception of the meaning of religion and of life; carried forward the thoughts of the faithful more and more wistfully to a future life, in which righteousness should be vindicated and the balance of happiness redressed; and while it brought home to them the weakness and impurity of human nature, intensified the desire for personal holiness and communion with God; and, finally, gave occasion for the portrayal of the "Suffering Servant of the Lord" (Isaiah 41-53) gathering up into himself at once human penitence and divine redemption—that most wonderful figure in all the Old Testament, which is strikingly typical of the central figure of the New Testament.

The statements about God in holy scripture are uttered with an air of authority, dogmatically; not as the result of a long chain of reasoning: "The Lord said" this—"did" that—or more emphatically, in the form of a message, "Thus saith the Lord." The teaching of the Bible is not the result of deductive or inductive reasoning. No direct arguments are adduced to prove the existence of God—that is assumed throughout. His attributes may be the subject of argument; his existence, never. His justice, his wisdom, his power may be momentarily obscured by the mystery of evil in the world—as in the book of Job. Incidentally we may get arguments dealing with the nature of the Deity, as e. g. the interesting *a fortiori* argument from creature to Creator in Ps. 94, "He that made the eye, shall he not see?" etc., which, logically carried out becomes an inference of Personality in God from man's personality—there are arguments such as these either stated or suggested in Holy Scripture, but the existence of God never comes within their scope. It lies behind all else; it is the fundamental conception in the light of which all else is viewed. Not only in the Pentateuch and the Prophets and the Psalms, but in the historical narratives—in the brief and apparently barren records of the accession, regnal years, and death of the various kings, it is made clear that God's hand is at work throughout guiding the course of events, and that he is the ever-present Judge by whom the actions of king and subject alike are weighed. Even in the book of Esther, in which the divine name never once occurs, no doubt is left upon the mind as to the providential overruling of events both great and small. Nay, in those books

which are least formally theological—Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, the work of the “wise men,” the humanists or philosophers of Israel—the thought of God is present from first to last. They do not grope and search after him like the great pagan thinkers. They set out, not to discover, but to recognize him; to learn from his dealing with nature and human nature more about that divine personality who is the primary presupposition of all their system, and with whom their heart holds sacred communion even while the intellect stands baffled before the insoluble problems involved in his permission of evil in the world he rules.

The Bible, as we have said, does not offer arguments to prove the existence of the Deity, but it offers something which is far more valuable to most of us than any abstract proof. It gives us a concrete, experimental, descriptive theology. It shows us a picture of the world with God at work in it, which the devout, appreciative soul instinctively recognizes as true. It offers us, largely in the concrete form of narrative and history, a theory of the universe which, rightly understood, is found to meet the demands of hearts and minds alike: revealing a God whose character is such and whose relation to man is such that in him both our needs and our aspirations find satisfaction. At the same time it incidentally provides a theory of human nature (see especially Gen. 1-3) that affords the only satisfactory key to the *raison d'etre* of those needs and aspirations—the explanation of man's actual littleness and his potential greatness.

We will consider first the message of the Bible to man's heart, and then its message to his understanding.

The needs and aspirations of heart and spirit can only be satisfied by personal communion with the Deity, such as the Psalter so wonderfully delineates, (see especially Ps. 16, 17, 63, 73,) a communion which attains its fullest expression in the religion of the New Testament.

This heart-knowledge is after all, to each individual who has it, the most direct form of evidence for the existence of God—the personal intercourse with him of our personal spirit—the communion in virtue of which we can say, “I know that there is a God because I know him. I experience in prayer and sacrament and meditation a conviction of his reality and his presence which is quite as real to

me as is the conviction that those things exist which I can touch and see. This conviction is clearest and strongest when I am at my best, and I attribute all that is best and highest in my character to such communion, as thousands have done before me."

This is the kind of "knowledge of God" that cries aloud to us from the Psalms and Prophecies, and underlies the other writings of the Old Testament. And the perfection of this communion is to be found in Jesus Christ, as portrayed for us in the Synoptic Gospels (Luke 10: 22; cp. Mark 13: 22), but especially in St. John (5: 19f. 10: 15, 30; 14: 11, etc.), and reaches its climax in the great high priestly prayer of John 17. After our Lord's ascension and the descent of the Holy Spirit, it takes the form, for Christ's members, of a fellowship with the blessed Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (II Cor. 13: 14; cp. I John 1: 3).

Being, however, in one sense, a purely personal and individual matter, this sense of communion is commonly thought to be too subjective to be adduced as an argument for the existence of God. It is always open to an objector to say, "You assert that you have this feeling; I am willing to admit your sincerity, but you may be the victim of illusion. All I can say is that I have no such feeling myself." To such an assertion it seems perhaps inadequate to reply, "If you will but assume first provisionally (as we have to assume many things in practical life) that existence which you cannot demonstrate, and then act upon the assumption, conviction will come with experience." Yet such a reply may be enforced and corroborated with all the weight of more than nineteen centuries of personal experience. Generation after generation of martyrs and Saints have testified in the strongest possible manner to their conviction that "God is, and is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb. 11: 6), and have been ready to seal the conviction with their life's blood.

That such evidence is not without scientific value, is very strongly argued by no less a scientist than the late G. J. Romanes, who speaks of those who would ignore it as untrue to the principles of an impartial agnosticism. Still it fails to appeal to a large class of enquirers, who look for a more definitely intellectual proof and one less intimately associated with personal feeling and emotion.

There are such arguments for the being and character of God, and some of them have come down to us from very ancient times. It may be admitted that they do not—either singly or even in combination—amount to demonstrative proof; yet they form, as we shall see, a very strong presumption in favor of belief in just such a God as the Bible claims to reveal.

We will now briefly sketch the more important of these types of argument, and then we may be better able to estimate the extent to which the Biblical revelation corresponds to, and completes, man's intellectual search after God. We must remember, however, at the outset that these traditional arguments are not the originating cause of man's belief, even where belief is found outside the influence of revelation, rather, they represent an intellectual analysis or justification of a belief already existing. As far back as Cicero in the first century B. C., or even earlier, pagan thinkers had observed that religion in some form or other is a universal trait in human nature. And though in modern days apparent exception of "atheistical tribes" have been adduced to prove the contrary, the trend of anthropological science may be said on the whole to support the judgment of antiquity. There may indeed be savages (though the point has not been proved) among whom no definite trace of religious observance can be discerned; but are they normal representatives even of undeveloped humanity? Is there no such thing as degradation? And have not even these poor savages some vestige at least of the religious faculty? For that is all our argument really requires. The world-wide progress of Christian missions to the heathen seems to testify quite triumphantly that no race or tribe of men, however degraded and apparently atheistic, lacks that spark of religious capacity which may be fanned and fed into a mighty flame.

Granted, then, that the religious faculty is practically universal among mankind, what is the significance of this fact? From ancient times it has been regarded as an argument—often (wrongly) as a proof—that God exists. It is called the argument "from the general consent of mankind" in Latin, *argumentum e consensu gentium*. The whole world, it is urged, must surely be right—*securus judicat orbis terrarum*.

Of a truth it is exceedingly unlikely, if (as we must presume)

the world is rational, that a phenomenon so universal as religion, so intimately and intricately interwoven with the central facts of human life and progress, should be founded on illusion. But the outward expression of the religious principle in different ages and climes exhibits so much variety, inconsistency, and vagueness, that we ought not perhaps to speak of this argument (at least in this its broader and vaguer form) as directly evidencing the existence and character of God. What it really amounts to is, as has been well said, "an evidence that there are evidences." If the religious instinct is observed to be practically universal, it will be worth while to see whether it is not essential to human nature. And this quest leads us to the formal arguments for God's existence. The grounds of this religious instinct will be found to lie partly in man's relation to the external world, partly in the constitution of human nature itself.

The consideration of the external world around him, even in its broadest aspect, leads man up to the thought of an Eternal Cause; the study of its phenomena in detail with its marvoleus intricacy of harmonious intersection produces the impression of design, and leads to the thought of a Designer—*i. e.*, of an Eternal Cause that is intelligent and free. Reflection on his own consciousness and the fact that the external world corresponds in a mysterious way to his own thought leads to the idea of primal and Universal Consciousness embracing all reality and forming, as it were, a meeting place between Thought and Things. Lastly his own moral nature-conscience, with its authoritative voice, clearly distinguishable from mere wish, taste, desire, and self-interest—speaks to him of a Universal Lawgiver, supreme and perfect, to whom alone the "categorical imperative" of the inner monitor can be adequately referred. The Eternal Cause is thus found to be endowed with all the attributes characteristic of personality as seen in man.

Of the first of these arguments little further need be said. Man finds in himself a principle of causality in the light of which he interprets the external world. He cannot help regarding the succession of phenomena which he observes as effects—attributing each to some cause. When he examines that again he discovers it to be no true or absolute cause, but itself the effect of some-

thing further back, and so on. He finds in himself the nearest approach to *vera causa*: yet he would recognize the absurdity of calling himself self-caused. And the mind cannot rest in an endless chain of cause-effects. There must be, it feels, if you go far enough back, a real Cause, akin, in some way, to man's own power of origination, yet transcending it—a cause that owns no cause—no source of being—but itself. And to this Eternal Cause all things, including man himself, must be ultimately referable.

The third argument, again, in favor of a Universal Consciousness, which has several different forms, is too abstruse for the ordinary reader, requiring for its appreciation some degree of metaphysical training. The second and the fourth—the “Design” and “Conscience” arguments—demand a somewhat fuller treatment here, being specially important in view of the light thrown on them by recent scientific theory.

The Design-argument is perhaps the most ancient and the most popular of all. It is never actually formulated in the Bible, for the Bible, as we have seen, never treats God's existence as the subject of argument. But its basis, the marvelous harmony of the created world, is the theme of more than one of the Psalms (cp. e. g. Ps. 19, 104, 147, 148); and St. Paul comes very near to stating the argument in so many words, when he says (Rom. 1: 20) in depreciation of pagan superstitions and immorality, that the “everlasting power and divinity” of the Creator are clearly discernible from his works.

Granted that the very existence of the world implies an Eternal Cause, what can we learn about that Cause? The nearest thing to a true first Cause of which I have experience, is my own personality: hence there is a presumption that the world's first Cause will be at least what we know as personal. But that presumption is not all we have to go upon. There are definite indications in nature, when more closely observed, that make it impossible to regard the Eternal Cause as a merely mechanical originator of the world process, that stamp it—or rather him—as intelligent and free, a nature like my own rational nature, only far above and beyond it.

Everywhere in nature we see the teleological principle (as it is called) at work, *i. e.* we see means adapted to ends, and the

present subordinated to the future. This adaptation of means to ends manifests itself in a bewilderingly complex way—in each individual member of the great organism, in the lesser and greater groups, and in the whole. Everywhere, in fact, I see traces of purpose and design—for such adaptation speaks to me irresistibly of these. My only direct experience of like phenomena is my own personality, and so I am led to infer a Designer.

Some, however, have thought that this inference is invalidated by a closer scrutiny of those means by which the evolution of physical organisms is effected, according to modern scientific theory. Evolution, they say, has upset the Design-argument altogether. The marvelously adjusted interaction of forces and interests which we observe in nature is not, as we have hitherto supposed, a perfect piece of elaborate machinery fresh from the Designer's hand. It has a history behind it, and a history which we have only just begun to trace aright. The present state of things is not the result of a serene and orderly procession wherein every member has found its due and rightful place. On the contrary, it is the result in every department of a struggle for existence fierce and unintermittent, in which only a small portion—"the fittest"—have survived. Nature's waste products, far outweighing her successes—how do they affect the Design-argument?

Again, we can see in part the actual means by which this relative progress in evolution has been made. On the one hand, that is the principle of Variation, whereby the offspring always varies in some degree from the parent, and, on the other hand, that of Natural Selection, which results in the survival of the type best fitted to survive. Where, then, is there room for Design and a Designer? The answer seems to be that the origin or root-principle of evolution has not yet been disclosed. What is it that produces the Variation which Natural Selection fixes and makes the basis of an upward step? The choice seems to lie between God and—chance. That chance, or some non-rational force, could work on such definitely "teleological" lines, could produce such ordered and systematic results, is a theory harder to believe than the theistic theory. And the difficulty of it is rather enhanced than otherwise by recent scientific discovery. For if a mechanically regular world in which neither failure nor waste

products had place, would produce the impression of design and purpose, much more forcibly are we driven to the same conclusion when we see order growing out of chaos, peace out of strife, and apparently intractable material moulded to artistic perfection. The background of struggle, pain, decay and seeming waste may be in itself difficult to account for; but the result shows that behind the working of the principles of Variation and Natural Selection there must be intelligence, will, purpose.

The Design-argument may have been stated in the past, in such a way as to expose it to the criticism of scientists; but the argument itself—especially when broadly and generally treated—has only gained strength and illumination from the modern view of nature's working methods; for "Evolution," as Asa Gray said to Darwin, "has brought back teleology to science."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN FEBRUARY NUMBER]

Battle Hymn.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

God save Columbia free,
Bright home of liberty,
Guard her high destiny,
Hedge it with peace.
But, should an alien host
Dare sully Freedom's coast,
Let war then meet their boast
With full surcease.

Let, then, grim battle roar,
Bathing our steel in gore,
Hurling swift vengeance o'er
Glory's red field;
Sharp be our eagle's claws
Striking in Freedom's cause,
Fearless of foes, because
Right is our shield.

Let then each bosom be
Bulwark of liberty,
Owning its majesty,
Guarding its fame.
Dealing on land or waves,
Death to the tyrant slaves,
Heaping their ready graves
High with their shame.

God grant Columbia fair,
Brave sons to do and dare,
Daughters that virtue wear
As a bright crown.
O may they ever be,
Worthy of liberty,
Worthy of victory,
And wide renown.

C. E. R. TAIN.

Col. Diaz, Mexico.

Ruins of the Casas Grandes Region, Chihuahua, Mexico.

BY ELIZABETH R. CANNON.

The old town of Casas Grandes (big houses) was built three hundred years ago on the ruins of the Aztecs. Whether you pass through there in the full glare of the noonday sun, when the Mexicans loaf in the plaza and the old priest sounds the church bell by striking it with a hammer, or at night when the adobe walls cast weird shadows in the moonlight, you cannot help



ON THE SITE OF CASAS GRANDES.

Beneath the tumbledown huts where the peons still live lies the sleeping city of Casas Grandes, sacred to the dead, and its gold.

feeling the influence of the sleeping dead beneath the city.

The dead sleep peacefully, for the Mexicans defend them against enterprising American archæologists, claiming that they hold the graves of their ancestors sacred. Perhaps a better reason is that they believe there are vast quantities of gold hidden there, and some day, *manana*, (tomorrow) they will themselves dig it up.

Casas Grandes was the main city of this region, and it was surrounded by smaller villages which probably served as outposts



THE GREAT OLLA.

The great olla is twelve feet high, the interior lined with rope. In it the inhabitants of Cave Valley stored their maize.

for protection. One of these had a well developed copper mine where they obtained the precious metal for the heads of arrows and spears. The villages are now, in appearance, nothing but grass-covered mounds.

Some terrible catastrophe came upon this country and destroyed all the inhabitants and their homes in some mysterious manner. Many are the conjectures as to whether the dread calamity were earthquake, pestilence, famine or war, as bodies are found unburied near the fireplaces and along the walls, as if the people had lain down and died.

On digging into a mound one finds that it is composed of many rooms—a village in one house. The walls have been white-washed three or four times. Near the earthen fireplaces are

pieces of broken ollas and cooking utensils. On digging several feet beneath the floor one finds the graves covered with charred wood. They probably burned their wood so it would last longer, and prevent odors from coming into the rooms of the living from the decayed bodies.



OLD RUINS AT CASAS GRANDES, MEXICO.

number of ollas buried with it. These ollas are the highly colored pottery of the Indians, and after being buried several centuries their decorations are still fresh and brilliant. Some bodies have been surrounded by as many as nine, while others have only one plain one at the head of the grave.

These vessels were most likely filled with food, so the spirit would not get hungry on its long journey. The Indians probably buried their dead under the floor only in time of siege, as there are not enough bodies to prove that they made cemeteries of their houses.

The wide facial angle of the skull of the Casas Grandian shows a high order of intelligence. Their reservoirs, connected with the city by canals three miles long, showed more engineering skill than is exhibited by their lazy successors.

Not far from Casas Grandes stands the Mount of the King. It well deserves the name, for it looms high above the surrounding peaks. As our horse picks his way along the trail that leads to the summit, where the wind is never still, we cannot help thinking that this would make an ideal summer home for a king, who from

this exalted altitude could survey his vast domains. As we near the summit we notice broad stone steps, above which are the ruins of several lava rock buildings, circular in shape:

The summit of the peak is enclosed by a high wall built of lava stone, and still higher is another inclosing a small, circular building on the very top of the hill. On account of the protection afforded this ruin it was thought to be a fort, but the smallness of the place disproves this, for it could hold very few people. The



BURROS LOADED WITH WOOD—CASAS GRANDES, MEXICO.

Indians say there is a secret tunnel leading from here to the old town, but it has never been found. A better theory is that this was a temple built for the worship, high up among the clouds, of the "Unknown God."

Down the side of the mountain leading into the earth towards the temple is a passage that the settlers call a mine, although there are no signs of ore. It was perhaps a secret passage leading to the temple, or possibly was dug later in a fruitless search for hidden gold. There is a legend that one of the last Montezumas came

from Casas Grandes, and certain it is the cruel Spaniards crushed the Aztecs only to find that most of their vast treasure had mysteriously disappeared.

Very different from their advanced Casas Grandes neighbors



The MountainLion—An Omnipresent Beast, Mexico.

of rope ladders, crawling in and out of tiny holes, like rats. Their implements, pottery, and fireplaces are of the rudest description. Men who live in constant fear of death have no time to cultivate the arts. Perhaps they were one of the tribes conquered by the dominating Aztecs in their march to the south.

At the entrance to the main cave stands the great mud olla twelve feet high and twelve feet in diameter, used for a granary, for it still contains a few grains of corn. Not far from here are the terraced gardens where the maize was grown. They are literally "hand-made," for the Cave-dwellers carried every particle of soil up from the valley below and plastered it on the cliffs, for they dared not plant their crops on the fertile plains. No wonder an eternal gloom envelops Cave Valley!

Below, on the rocks, amidst tangled grape-vines and the poison ivy, are the hieroglyphics—picture-stories of this strange people in happier times before they were so close pressed by their implacable enemies. There are two persons holding hands, perhaps telling the story of a peace treaty or royal marriage. There is a clumsy animal, and by it a bear's paw, telling the tale of a great

were the strange little dwellers of the caves, who perched their aeries on the highest cliffs of the Sierra Madre Mountains. They were little better than the missing link. Their small, dark habitations were made by plastering sun-dried adobes on the outer wall of the natural limestone caves. That they lived in mortal terror of some deadly enemy is evident from the fact that they got in and out of their dwellings by means

hunt and perhaps some deed of bravery. Besides these are numerous symbols unintelligible to us.

A better story than any of these rock carvings was told in the caves themselves by a skeleton lying through a doorway, with a stone hatchet cleaving its skull.

A few years ago some hunters, while exploring the caves, came upon a false wall, which they promptly knocked in. They beheld the mummified body of a woman seated upright on a stone chair. The body, which was well preserved, was covered with shreds of cotton cloth. At first the hunters thought that the Indians, like the Egyptians, understood the art of embalming; but the body had been preserved by the peculiar atmosphere of the cave. Perhaps this was a hostage that the fierce little men thus walled in alive. Perhaps she was a beloved princess who, in the last days of siege, was brought here that her body might not fall into the hands of her enemies. Was she a barbarous Helen of Troy that brought warfare and destruction in her wake? Who can say? What a story those blackened lips might tell if they could only speak!

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Family Meeting.

(Selected.)

We are all here:
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled, we are all at home,
Tonight let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.

We're all—all here.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

III.—At the Turn of the Road.

In walking along a mountain road there is sometimes a sudden, sharp turn where, by seeming magic, the narrow path is transformed into the entrance of a vast panorama of Nature. We seem stunned as we involuntarily stop short, rest and surrender to its majesty. The view exalts us, glorifies us, inspires us. We have a new, high, restful ground of contemplation. We have a new test of values, a new base of interpretation, a new relation to life.

The hamlets and villages in the valley bear a new, strange dignity—they have become integral parts of a great picture. The colors of trees and flowers blend from mere single effect into a wondrous harmony. We are seeing the birth, life and death of a river as an eagle might watch it from his nest on the crags. The fields of a hundred farmers become one great farm. And far beyond, we can see the great ocean—whitening the shore with its billows leagues away.

The complex has become simple; the absolute has now become relative; the isolated has become associated; the trifling great, and the great greater; the detail losing none of its individuality has an added value like a jewel set in a crown. There is a finer sense of justice in our judgment, the ozone of the higher levels seems tonic to our soul, a sweet peace fills our heart.

As we look backward the narrow path, doled out to us in

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.



WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN,

Author of "Self-Control; its Kingship and Majesty," "The Crown of Individuality," etc.

installments as our weary feet toiled up the long ascent, now stands out clear—for its entire length. We begin to see it as a type of our whole life, as the angels must view it with greater charity from the higher wisdom of their truer perspective. Rest, retrospection, reflection, realization, and revelation are giving us a fine new view-point, a new chance to get our moral bearings, to tune our life to bring out its highest, purest notes—at the turn of the road.

Humanity tends to take narrow views of life and its problems instead of occasional great, broad sweeps. It is nearsightedness of the soul that permits the unworthy to throw the really big things into the shadow. We hold some trifle of care or worry close to our vision as a jeweler with an awning over his eye peers into a watch. We let one sorrow be the grave of many joys, one ingratitude smother many of our kindnesses struggling for expression, one weakness within us sap the strength from many virtues. We need the bracing inspiration, the revealing illumination of the larger vision. The turn of the road, in its highest sense, is not a place to stay—we have to fight the battle of life. It is only an arsenal of supply—not a battlefield of action.

The beginning of the new year is a natural, sharp turn in the road of time. Here we may wisely rest awhile, and in the peace and quiet and calm of self-communion see the long stretch of the road of a single twelvemonth. It is built imperishably of short steps of living—from moment to moment.

Many of the purposes for which we labored and struggled in our narrow, close, selfish absorption, seem poor, petty and puny when seen from the turn of the road. The structure of some effort we thought marble, now is shown in its sickening sham as a hasty affair of show and pretense, made of staff that could not stand the wear and tear and test of time. It was not built on square lines of character, of the best that was in us. It lacked strength, sincerity, simplicity. The material was made up of policy and selfishness put together on hurried plans. It was a failure; it cannot be rebuilt, but it is worth only a passing regret and a realization of the lesson of its non-success—at the turn of the road.

We now see how many times the paralyzing hand of procrastination touched the good deeds we meant to do, the roseate dreams

we longed to transform into actualities. We wished to do, and we wanted to do, but we did not *will* to do. The fault was not in conditions but in—us. We were not equal to opportunities. It is a false philosophy that teaches that opportunity calls only once at any man's house. It comes with the persistency of an importunate creditor, always in a new guise, and clamors for admission, but we may be—too busy to answer the bell.

Habits that we had determined to master, to bring into sweet harmony with our highest self, may still stalk large and insolent before us. They may seem to taunt us that they are stronger than we. They were never made in a day and cannot be mastered in a day. An hour may begin the making of a habit; an hour may begin its breaking. Time, with heart and mind united in determination, can conquer any evil habit or create and confirm any good one.

The look backward from the turn of the road should inspire us by making vivid to us how much of what we feared never came to pass. The tyranny of worry, that dominated us and held us for months trembling slaves to a weak fear, that dissipated our energy, dulled our thinking, and darkened our mental vision, at the very hours that should have given us fullest control of our best, is now seen as an enemy to true individual growth. It means a harder fight in the unending battle against worry and grief.

The broader view of life reveals that the only great things in life are trifles; that what pained us most, saddened our hearts, and turned our hopes to ashes were only trifles—cumulating into overwhelming importance. A cruel word, an unkindness, a little misunderstanding may darken a day and separate us from one we love, or may petrify us into a mood of doubt and despair. The most joyous moments of life, the high lights in the pictures of memory, may, too, be only trifles of kindness, fine expressions of love, simple tributes of confidence and trust that make the heart smile—as we remember.

Knowing the right is useless unless—we practice it. Realizing our weakness is profitless unless—we seek to change. We may even grow so comfortably reconciled to faults and failings as to accept them as finalities, to confess them and even boast

about them. It is unjust to ourselves and unjust to others. Some people treat their faults as though they were flaws in the Portland vase of a noble nature, and as if—pointing them out were practically banishing them forever.

Nature is constantly giving us new—turns of the road. It may be a birthday or some general anniversary in the cycle of the year. It may be some red-letter day in the private calendar of our emotions, or some date eloquent to us as telling of some joyous “first” or some pathetic “last” time in the sacred diary of the heart. It may be a supreme sorrow, an agonizing sense of loss, the coming of a great joy, the closing of some epoch in our lives, the proving of the actuality of something too awful for us even to have feared, some exultant half-hour that changes irrevocably all our living. These and numberless other days, hours or single moments, may bring us alone to—the turn of the road.

Then may come one of those rare moments of life, of fine spiritual discernment, of luminous revelation, of coming to one’s highest self, when the sordid, the mean, the temporary, the selfish are stripped in an instant of their garish shams and tinsel. Then the real, the true, the eternal stand out in their majesty, bathed in the splendor and glow of the revealing of truth. In such a spirit the very tingle of the inspiration of the infinite fills us. We seem born again to new, better and greater things, for we have seen the divine vision—at the turn of the road.

(The next article in this series, “Facing the Mistakes of Life,” will appear in the February ERA.)

Keep Groping.

(For the Improvement Era.)

A dreamer in thought’s vastness cries:
“A light! a light! for my blind eyes,
Bring forth a light—God hear my sighs
Before my soul in darkness dies!”

A voice then answers mild and low:
“Be still, my child, and you shall know—
Great light doth from great efforts flow,
Keep groping, and thy soul shall glow!”

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WILLIAM J. KOHLBERG.

The “Golden Bible.”

BY S. A. KENNER.

To the making of books there is no end. I don't know who wrote this originally, nor does it matter. It is strikingly true, and the truthfulness of it must occasionally appeal to those who have handled books all their lives, as well as to those who only look at them now and then.

The writer of these lines has done some little reading of a rather diversified character; and while by no means among those who are properly classed as well read, and while no doubt behind many in the scope and magnitude of reading, he has still, for instance, done enough in the line indicated to know that *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Innocents Abroad* are not by the same author, nor even by contemporaneous authors; also that *Baxter's Saints' Rest* is not a humorous production, nor much of anything else that is interesting. All this is thrown in to let the reader know that with all the reading that can be done, going, or trying to go, through the great mass of *lex scriptæ* produced by the human family, or any considerable part of it, is too much like trying to fix the limit of the stars in the firmament or the number of people who have appeared upon the earth since Adam and Eve went into and out of the Garden of Eden. The effort would be futile, the time spent upon it worse than wasted.

Finding myself in the reading department of an old-time friend I noticed a little red book on the table, and on picking it up found it to be entitled *The Golden Bible*. The name, but not the volume, had previously been seen and some surprise was expressed thereat, which was increased upon receiving the information that it had been extant for several years and had been quite extensively read. It was by Rev. M. T. Lamb, and dealt exclusively with the Book of Mormon. It was looked over as carefully and extensively

as time and circumstances would permit. In his preface the author avers, with apparent earnestness, that he sets about his task devoid of rancor or prejudice, but with a due regard for the performance of a conscientious duty. He then sails in and says things, quoting copiously from and commenting freely upon the contents of the said book, his quotations, however, being carefully selected, wrenched from the contexts, and discussed as though standing alone and having little or no connection with antecedent or succeeding subject matter. You could play the deuce with almost any book in that way, even with the Holy Bible, to which loving reference is frequently made by the author of the Golden one, in endeavoring to show the contrast between the former and the Book of Mormon. The alleged bad grammar, illogical deduction and pointless assertion, which he seeks to make plain as characteristic of the latter volume, and treats with ridicule, or what to his mind doubtless does duty as such, are not only invidiously presented but in places disingenuously so. Referring to the incident of Lehi, for example, going in quest of game and obtaining which he returned to camp, the auriferous volume asks what he would naturally do, having obtained the object of his hunt, but return to camp. Sure enough! But where is the point? Would it have made the story more acceptable had the hunter returned empty-handed, or succeeding in his quest have gone off somewhere else with the game? The author seems to regard this incident as too trivial to be worthy of mention; but if so, what does it become by repetition? If the ancient scriptorian had such poor judgment in the matter of compiling sentences as to permit one to be borne into the record here and there that had no special importance *per se*, what excuse has the modern writer whose attack is ostensibly aimed at the whole fabric to which such sentences relate, for picking them out and devoting considerable space to them? There is much else in the same connection that he wholly misses. Why? Because they are not so easily disposed of? Whether so or not, he justifies one in believing that such is the case, and "one" at least does so believe. Of like tenor and effect are several more—I might as well say most, and in fact all, that were perused of the gentleman's slings and arrows; they incite to the antagonism which is created and are distinctly reacting.

Before proceeding further with this little review, let us give Rev. Lamb the benefit of some of his own language:

The first objection to the book [of Mormon] to be considered is this: *It has no trace of God's hand upon it.* No divine stamp. Everything is human, very human. * * * When he [God] paints a flower or tints the rainbow He does not *daub.* * * * Look at the discourses of our Lord, any one of them.

And then the inspired writer of the *Golden Bible* proceeds at length to draw a sharp contrast between the language of the Bible and that of the Book of Mormon, showing that the latter is insufferably verbose, reiterative, turgid and pointless, the other book, of course, being the opposite in these respects. He makes numerous citations from the former and then rewrites them in fewer words and, according to modern methods, in less faulty diction. Any of us could do that, and we don't have to confine ourselves to the Mormon book either; the Bible itself as well as any ancient or even mediaeval, and some few of the modern standard productions, may be so treated. Let us try a sample or two, this taken without selection from the Bible:

12. And Jehosaphat waxed great exceedingly; and he built in Judah castles and cities of stone. 13. And he had much business in the cities of Judah; and the men of war, mighty men of valor, were in Jerusalem. 14. And these are the numbers of them, according to the house of their fathers: Of Judah, the captain of thousands; Adnah, the chief, and with him mighty men of valor, three hundred thousand. 15. And next to him was Jehohanan, the captain, and with him two hundred and fourscore thousand. 16. And next him was Amasiah, the son of Zichri, * * * and with him two hundred thousand mighty men of valor. 17. And of Benjamin; Eliada, a mighty man of valor, and with him armed men with bow and shield, two hundred thousand. 18. And next him was Jehozabad and with him a hundred and fourscore thousand ready prepared for the war.—II Chronicles, 17.

Abridged to the Lambsonian standard, these might be stated thus: *

Jehosaphat became wealthy and built castles and storehouses, his traffic extending to Jewish cities. A great army was in Jerusalem, there

* The reader will please observe that in this there is no disposition to make light of or in any manner revise the scriptural text, only a desire to show the inadequacy and injustice of Rev. Lamb's methods.

being—Of Judean generals: Adnah, in command, with 300,000 brave men; Jehohanan, with 280,000; Amasiah, the son of Zichri, with 200,000 splendid troops. Of Benjamin, there was Eliada, a valorous leader, with 200,000, armed with bows and shields; and Jehozabad with 180,000, all ready for business.

Here is a selection taken at random from Shakespeare:

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to seek this slave.
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Comedy of Errors, Act 1, Scene 2.

Why blank verse to detail so prosaic a circumstance? The modern reportorial method, with its incidental slang—which Rev. Lamb uses quite freely—applied to the quotation would simplify it thus:

It is reported this town is full of cheating. Thimble-riggers, hypnotists, even impossible witches, bunco-steerers, sure-thing men and others of like ilk, are said to haunt the place. So I'll take good advice and hike before my money is gone.

This "translation" may seem a little strained and far-fetched to the reader; but it is not a whit more so than are many of the "reductions" from the text of the Book of Mormon made by Mr. Lamb. There is not space enough at my disposal to give any of them—the briefest being somewhat lengthy—so, for once, will the reader kindly receive the unprejudiced judgment and carefully considered word of this writer for it?

As to the quotations from the "Golden" author, which had sequence been observed herein would have received consideration before the immediately preceding matter, there is a good deal that might be said and some little that will be. The first objection to the Book of Mormon is that it has not the trace of God's hand upon it, according to the "Golden" critic. The extreme arrogance of this, so apparent to even the casual observer, will become more striking the more it is considered, and here the "divine" becomes

a victim of his own favorite practice of comparison. The Book of Mormon puts forth the claim that those who really want to know regarding its divine authenticity may be gratified by other means than the solemn and unforced statements of sane and living witnesses as to the origin of the book; but Mr. Lamb, rushing in where angels would fear to, or at least do not, tread, announces without reserve that God's hand is not there! How does he know? Has the Deity ever shown him his hand? By what right does he assume so much familiarity with the Great Author as to be able to know where His hand is, regarding any mortal production, and where it is not? Mr. Lamb is estopped from saying that he was inspired or that it was revealed to him, because he especially repudiates divine inspiration and denies that there is such a thing as modern revelation from on high; so that the question put by the *New York World* to the Tammany leaders, "where did you get it?" is clearly applicable. The only refuge the gentleman can have is that he is convinced of it, that it is a fixed conviction derived from a thorough consideration of the subject in all its bearings, and in the light of educated human understanding. But the refuge so cheerfully and voluntarily herein extended, is by no means a strengthening, but works a complete abandonment, of his position; because, as will be observed, he makes an unqualified statement, an absolute assertion of correctness, and any modification thereof is so much in the direction of a retreat. It is a fact too apparent to permit of controversy that he knows nothing whatever about it—that the impress of the Almighty might or might not be upon every line of the Book of Mormon, and so far as actual knowledge is concerned Mr. Lamb would be as ignorant of the situation as a Senegambian. Now, of course, we are not always able to prove to a demonstration things that impress us so strongly as to amount to a conviction, and so long as we state the case that way we are on the safe side; but when we cut loose from all restraint and say without reservation that things are thus and so and not otherwise, we ought to be prepared with better evidence than Rev. Lamb possesses regarding his bald, blatant assertion in relation to the hand of the Almighty—no, not *better* evidence, but just evidence, for he has given none and manifestly has none to give.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER]

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Mother's Love.

BY AUBRAY PARKER.

Who can guess the greatness of a mother's love? The depths of it no one can plumb. The young mother is conscious of a strange stir in her heart which makes it pulse with gladness. It is the birth of the mother-love; and that love is as lasting as life: it is eternal.

If, in the course of a mother's life, one of her loved ones is laid at rest, and she has to leave it there in the little churchyard, no matter how far from that place she may wander, even to earth's farthest point, that little mound which marks the resting-place of her dear one will prove an unfailing magnet to draw her heart to that spot; because the tendrils of that life departed are still wound round her mother heart, and are vital bonds.

How powerful is a mother's love! Many a young man has held in his heart the knowledge of his mother's love, and it has been that and that alone, which has kept his feet in the path of right.

Mothers are the makers of the world's heroes.

We are often discovering new genius and greatness in unthought of circles. But it is not new genius or new greatness that we find, but obscure greatness and genius which is not new because it is just found out. Greatness has been the cherished ambition of many a mother's heart, not for herself, but for her children. A mother, when on her way from England to America, was asked her reason for going, and she answered, "To raise governors for them." She prophesied truly, for three of her sons were indeed governors.

When Napoleon was exiled in St. Helena he declared: "My

mother loves me. She is capable of selling everything for me, even to her last article of clothing." Do you marvel that he attained greatness with such a mother's love behind him?

The greatness of a nation lies in the goodness of its mothers; for in the goodness of its mothers lies the greatness of its sons. The greatest greatness is the greatness of love; and mother's love is the greatest of human loves. It is sacrificial love. It is a phase of that greater love displayed by the All-Father in the gift of his Son as a vicarious sacrifice on the Cross of Calvary. Mothers have been known to suffer for that which they have not been guilty, in order to shield their sons from shame.

How great a word is mother! And the greatest of our great men have not failed to do homage to it. They have added their testimony to the sanctity of the union of mother and child.

In the two pure loves of child and mother,
Two human lives make one divine.

Gateshead, England.

The Little Peach.

(Selected.)

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.

Mon dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

What of the peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Oh, well, its mission on earth is through,
Adieu!

EUGENE FIELD.

The Rock Foundation of the Church.

BY A. ADOLPH RAMSEYER.

But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art Christ, the son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church: and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

This passage, which is frequently quoted by our elders, (Matt. 16: 15-19) in order to prove the necessity of revelation in the Church, is full, I believe, of much wider significance. It is indeed true that each one who repents and is baptized into the Church of Christ receives by revelation a testimony of the divinity of the work of the Lord. But this is not all: Peter being asked his individual opinion of Jesus, answers, Thou art Christ, *viz.*, the Anointed, the Messiah. In antithesis to this testimony of Simon Peter, Jesus proclaims Peter to be a rock (Petros, or Petra in Greek, Cephas in Syriac, the mother tongue of our Lord and his disciples, see John 1: 40) upon which Christ's Church was to be built; not upon Peter alone, but upon Peter and the other eleven apostles, as Paul says, when writing to the Ephesians: Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone" (2: 20). This promise of our Lord began to be fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, when, through the preaching of Peter and the eleven, three thousand souls were baptized and added to the Church.

But the word rock has yet another meaning in connection

with Christ and his apostles. What are apostles and prophets if not messengers sent of God with a message to their contemporaries? The prophets before Christ, the Lord himself, and his apostles after him, being moved by the Holy Ghost (II Peter 1: 21) spoke for the edification of the Church in all ages. Hence the Savior's warning: "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: . . . And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sands," with the two well known results. The Book of Mormon, too, is likened to a rock: "For, behold, saith the Lord, I will manifest myself with thy [Nephi's] seed, that they shall write many things which I shall minister unto them, which shall be plain and precious. . . . And in them shall be written my gospel, saith the Lamb, and my *rock*, and my salvation" (Nephi 13: 35, 36). This passage is corroborated also by the following one: "Behold, I give you a commandment, that you rely upon the things which are written, for in them are all things written concerning the foundation of my Church, my gospel, and my *rock*; wherefore, if you shall build up my Church upon the foundation of my gospel and my *rock*, the gates of hell shall not prevail against you" (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 18: 3-5), and thus we get a lucid and beautiful explanation of the much debated passage of Matthew.

Have the gates of hell prevailed against the Church of Christ? What emotions were stirred up in our Savior's breast while speaking these words, when, with prophetic eye, he foresaw his own crucifixion, the persecution and martyrdom of his Saints by the Jews, by the Romans, and finally by that most abominable church "which slayeth the Saints of God, yea, and tortureth them, and bindeth them down; and yoketh them with a yoke of iron, and bringeth them down into captivity" (I Nephi 13: 5). The gates of hell did not prevail against him, nor against his Church, for he broke asunder the gates of hell, visited and delivered the captives, and afterwards ascended to heaven, and prepared a place in the wilderness where his Church might flee and remain for a season to come forth again in the last days (Rev. 12: 6-14).

To claim that Christ's Church remained in the world during

the eighteen centuries which elapsed since the collection of books forming the Bible was compiled would be to insult the wisdom and the power of the Almighty. A single look at the babel of religious systems ought to convince any sane mind that they do not enjoy the Spirit of God; for "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Ephesians 5: 22, 23); while the works of the flesh (Ephesians 5: 19, 20, 21) "adultery, fornication, murders, revellings," etc., abound, and have been abounding in the world during the last eighteen centuries. But, though an apostasy from primitive Christianity was plainly apparent, it must not be forgotten that the rays of living light, which for a brief period emanated from the Church of Christ, have accomplished wonderful results. Who would exchange the condition of things in Europe or America during the past two or three centuries, for the conditions that existed when imperial Rome governed the world? Christianity has abolished slavery, given the toiler one day of rest out of the seven, provided places and opportunity for the soul to be lifted up to the Creator in prayer and song of thanksgiving; hospitals were built and endowed, schools established; philanthropists have taught the masses to help themselves; rulers have learned to respect the rights of their subjects, their brethren in Christ; while the common man, by keeping the laws of God, has learned to rise above the law of man, thus gaining an independence of thought and nobility of character unknown to previous ages. The pages of Holy Writ furnished exalted themes for poetry, music, sculpture or painting, giving the humblest ones lofty ideals for the improvement of morals; ideals which pagan philosophers never dreamed of. These very things, being disseminated as the word of God among our forefathers, have been "of great worth unto the Gentiles" (I Nephi 13: 23) for their spiritual and social development; and thus the word of the Lord, given to the world by his apostles eighteen centuries ago, has been of inestimable value to mankind. The great truths of Christianity are today believed and practiced, not always properly, it is true, in every land and clime. The divine birth of Christ, his miracles, his atoning death, and his triumph over the grave, are implicitly believed by millions of honest souls, and millions have been and are being benefited by his

exemplary life and his gracious words. True, there are disagreements about dogmas, and practices, yet those nations which have come nearest to the ideals of Christianity have made the most wondrous achievements, notwithstanding the drawbacks of apostasy. And if so much has been accomplished by the world in its fallen state, what wonders cannot be expected when millions shall have become members of the Church of Christ, which has now returned from the wilderness?

Forest Dale, Utah.

The Dream of Wealth.

(For the Improvement Era.)

'Twas only a dream of a yesternight,
But a warning dream in the dawn of light:
I sat in the halls of fame, endowed
With a hand that ruled and a host that bowed.
My right hand grasped my wealth untold,
My left, my faith new-born, but old.
But my soul grew faint in that regal chair,
For the burden was greater than I could bear.
So I flung my faith at my feet, at length,
For my gold cried out for all my strength;
And the voice of greed rang loud in my ear,
With a tone of pride and a touch of fear:
"What would you do, if you lost your gold,
With its train of attendants manifold,
The pomp of power, the smile of fate,
The homage of penury and the state?"
But an answer came to that voice of greed:
"So many and many a noble deed
Not done; if the heart, a slave, were freed,
You could serve your God, a still voice saith,
But, oh, what would you do if you lost your faith?"

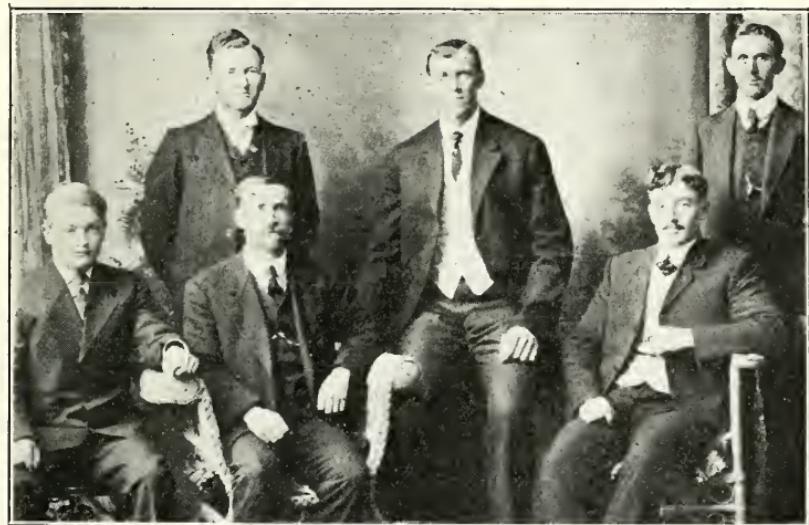
THEO. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

New Zealand—the Missionary's Wonder-land.

BY ELDER E. P. PECTOL.

The cut herewith shows all but two of the elders who were laboring in the Wairarapa Conference last August.



ELDERS OF THE WAIRARAPA CONFERENCE, NEW ZEALAND.

Back row: W. C. Harper, J. A. Erickson, A. E. Anderson. Front row: H. H. Crouch, E. P. Pectol, J. J. Godfrey.

I wish to briefly explain a few of the many good features of New Zealand, showing it to be a field of labor to be desired by earnest missionaries.

The Wairarapa is one of the beautiful valleys of New Zealand, situated in the southern part of the North Island, stretching northward from Cook's Strait, a distance of sixty or seventy miles, and contains many beautiful streams and woodland scenes, and a lake on which countless numbers of ducks and swans may be seen the whole year round. In width the valley proper is about four miles, and is bounded on the west by the beautiful and densely wooded Rimutaker range, whose noble forests lie majestically mirrored in the calm lake at its foot, and on the east by the low coast range. Attached to the valley and lake is this Maori legend:

You will observe that the North Island is fish-like in appearance. As the legend goes, while out fishing, Maui's hook became fastened to some very large object. Being a very strong man, he succeeded in bringing to the surface an immense fish—the North Island, as we now have it. Wairarapa valley, situated in the extreme southern part, between two mountain heads that fall sheer into the ocean, and the lake, twenty miles long, is directly connected with the sea from the fish's head and open mouth, in which Maui's hook became fastened. Cape Kidnapper, the southern point of Hawke's Bay, represents the hook Maui used in bringing up New Zealand.

This is only one among the many beautiful valleys in New Zealand. The mountain scenery, for its kind, cannot be surpassed elsewhere. It has no eternal snow-clad peaks, like the Rockies or Himalayas, nor has it an abundance of precipitous, rugged, glaring, weird scenery, which is so fascinating to some; but it is that beautiful, green, picturesque, wooded and vineclad scenery, enlivened by the sounds of the laughing rills and the songs of birds, that awes one into admiration; and that causes one to exclaim, with a new inspiration, "Chance cannot be the author of such beauty! It required a master mind, with a complete knowledge of the forces of nature, to produce in reality this beauty that skilled artists have only succeeded in feebly portraying upon canvas." Do elders enjoy legends or scenery, there is no better place than New Zealand to gratify their feelings.

In size, Wairarapa district is thirty-five miles wide and one hundred miles long. To enhance its value, eight cities and many

small towns dot the land. In all, about thirty-five thousand Europeans, and one thousand Maoris, find homes and shelter within these boundaries, with but four elders to proclaim to them the gospel's message. There are many such districts. You ask, what kind of people? As good as in any land. People with souls to save. All are God's people, and he values one soul not less than another. Do elders have in their hearts, first and foremost, their missionary work? There is no better field than New Zealand.

"But," says one, "I want to come in contact with the best in the world,—the educated, the learned, the scientific. I prefer England or Germany."

Let me say here: this government has a splendid educational system of her own, and one can do well to study it. Does it oppose your theoretical idea of an educational system? You, then, are better off for having met its opposition. You may become an originator, instead of an imitator. Do you wish to develop your psychological study? Do you wish to become a leader and an organ-

izer? If so, no better opportunities offer elsewhere than in New Zealand. Four native schools are now in session, and one more is soon to be established. Then, plans for the building of a college are being executed as fast as possible. The New Zealand Mission is coming to the front. All we need is more good elders.

We often hear at home that the climate of New Zealand is very unhealthful. This is not so. It is true that elders occasionally get sick here, but is this not the case in every mission field? 'Tis

The Writer in his Garden, with a few of his Maori School Children in the Background.

true we are subject to very sudden changes, yet there are no great extremes to fear. The temperature ranges between



twenty degrees Fahrenheit in winter, to ninety degrees in summer. Snow seldom falls except on the tops of the mountains. I wish to say here that I am writing about the North Island only; the South Island being subject to heavy snowfalls and, naturally, a lower temperature.

While I think due caution should be used and the physical condition of the elders well understood before assigning them to their fields of labor, yet I believe the call is the main thing to heed, and trust to the One whose work we are doing. People affected with asthma, bronchitis, consumption and various other lung

and throat troubles, have been greatly benefited here,

while others, not affected, have contracted these maladies. Disease exists everywhere. Have faith in the work we go out to perform; and remember the promises that Jesus made to his seventies and apostles are in full force today.

New Zealand is noted for its dairy products. Large dairy farms and milking sheds are seen on every hand, and our Saints are not behind in this industry, one family milking one hundred and twenty-five cows through the summer, and seventy-five in winter.

The above cut shows a group of milkers at one of the many farms where our elders find a home, warm friends and loyal Saints. The one who represents himself as foreman, takes a leading part as general roust-about in the shed, among the pails, and at the churn, and is one of our good "Mormon" boys.

If elders have hesitated, in deciding where they should like to go, let them do so no longer. Swing the battle ax aloft and shout, "New Zealand for me!"

Masterton, New Zealand.



Slander.

BY GEORGE D. KIRBY.

It has became a habit with me, when assigned a subject for discussion, to go to my Bible for a text; so, on the subject of "Gossip," I followed my usual course, and my surprise was great when, looking through the "word-book," I failed to find any reference in the scriptures to the word "gossip." My next step, then, was to look up the dictionary, and see what explanation Mr. Webster attached to the word, and I found, "Gossip, a tale-bearer." Not until then did it occur to me that a gossip was a bearer of tales, a scandal-monger, or one addicted to slander. I was not longer at a loss for a text, for the Good Book contains many references to that word, "slander." I took the first I came to: Exodus 23: 1, "Thou shalt not raise a false report; put not thine hand with the wicked, to be an unrighteous witness."

The prevalence of this fault is amazing, when one stops to think for a moment. Very few people, if any, are exempt from it. Men are as great gossipers as women. There is nothing some men like better than a scandal, and if this is not forthcoming, they enjoy talking about other folk's affairs. Get a man at a social gathering, and gossip will not be lacking for a minute. But the men do not do it all. It is a deplorable fact that much of the conversation indulged in by our women folks is in the nature of criticism, sometimes of their very best friends. But it is not done in a spirit of malice: it seems to be simply the universal method of keeping up an interesting discussion. Since the days of Noah, the way in which some people have talked about their neighbors has made the more judicious grieve, and before the tower of Babel was completed, no doubt the spice of conversation was that which

related to the latest scandal. Threats have been made, laws passed, and we read in our early history that scolds and gossips were ducked in the river, in order to check the bearing of scandal, but all to no avail. Like the poor, the gossip "is always with us."

Now, it is a positive fact that no good comes of this habit. The man, in whatever field he may be engaged, should always bear in mind that it never pays to criticize any person unjustly. No one helps himself by slurring another. Such conduct tends to raise, in the mind of the listener, a question about the man who is trying to deprecate another. The "hammer" is a weapon dangerous to the man who uses it, as he is quite as likely to smash his own fingers as to drive his purpose home.

It is a critical habit to drift into. When we come to judge people, we must remember that we see so very little of what they really are. Life does not consist of one intense joy, nor of one great sorrow; it is the accumulation of the little things that constitutes living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and, *per contra*, be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them.

If a person's heart is impure, his life will be impure. Solomon said, "As a man thinketh in himself, so he is;" and the same wise man said, "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Evil deeds spring from evil thoughts. A person whose thoughts are pure, need not be afraid that his actions will be impure; they cannot be, because, as Solomon said, "The issues of life proceed from the heart." A man because he sees the deficiencies of others, fancies himself to be enlightened when in reality he is ignorant, because he has never stopped to reflect on his own shortcomings.

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If you expect a harvest of joy, you must sow joy; if you expect hope, peace, love, the seeds of these must be abundantly scattered.

In the eastern countries there is one great rule which governs all relations between man and man, a rule which is so simple as to be within the reach of all; the disciple is bidden to never give pain to another creature. We also are taught the same, but there are so many demands made by our false personality, under the names

of righteous indignation, proper pride, self-respect, just anger and the various forms of criticism and judgment, that the pain we are causing by our word is lost sight of.

Milton says: "Goodness thinks no ill, where no ill seems." Never did any soul do good, but it became readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude or bounty practiced, but with increased joy, which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act. We may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness about us at little expense. Some of them will fall on good ground and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues; twice blest, sometimes.

If we enjoy the companionship of the Holy Ghost our disposition will be made better, our hearts will be filled with love for our fellow creatures, we will become more charitably disposed, and harshness will disappear, because our hearts will be in a condition good and lovely. The gospel will not only affect our minds and our souls for good, but soften the harsh, rugged features, mellow the feelings, and plant love in the heart where hate once dwelt, and we will then become a delightsome people.

Sugar City, Idaho.

The Blessing of Them that Fear the Lord.

"Blessed is the soul of him that feareth the Lord: to whom doth he look? and who is his strength? For the eyes of the Lord are upon them that love him, he is their mighty protection and strong stay, a defense from heat, and a cover from the sun at noon, a preservation from stumbling, and a help from falling. He raiseth up the soul, and lighteneth the eyes: he giveth health, life, and blessing."—Ecclesiasticus 34: 15-17.

EXTRACT FROM "THE OLD JOURNEY."

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE,
Author of "Our Inland Sea," etc.

"Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous
summits."

Joyfully we burst into song. "All hail ye snow-capped mountains"—there they were at last. O what a time of gaiety followed, when the evening meal was over, and the sweet-toned clarionet assembled all in the open corral. The young men and women, and the older ones, too, danced the hours away, forgetful, in the merriment of the time, of the fatigues that were past, and those that were to come. It was such hours as these that atoned for those which had been sad.

Small need to tell how expectancy grew upon us as the number of miles ahead grew less and less. Even those who had grown apathetic and trudged silently along, or sat questionless in the wagons, began to manifest the same eager interest which had marked the day of our starting out. Wake up! wake up! wake up! One who was ever brimming over with fun and frolic beat together two old tin pans, and roused all laggards and stay-a-beds.

The Golden West, the Valley, was our goal!
Has not the dream of the Pioneer been realized?



TOWARD THE GOLDEN WEST.

From a rough sketch by Alfred Lambourne.



LARAMIE PEAK—FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HEIGHTS.

From a rough sketch by Alfred Lambourne.

Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

II.

These instances in which the principles of enallage have been applied, are not the only ones that occur in the Book of Mormon, and a few additional ones, without accompanying remarks, shall now be given, in connection with certain Biblical texts, in order that the correspondence of the two records upon the point in question may be perceived at a glance:

BIBLE.

Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If *thou* afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry (Ex. 22: 22, 23.)

And it shall be if *thou* do at all forget the Lord *thy* God, and walk after other gods, and serve them and worship them, I testify against *you* this day, that *ye* shall surely perish (Deut. 8: 19.)

Remember and forget not how *thou* provokest the Lord *thy* God to wrath in the wilderness: for from the day that *thou* didst depart out of the land of Egypt, until *ye* came into this place, *ye* have been rebellious against the Lord (Deut. 9: 7).

And *thou* shalt write them upon the door-posts of *thine* house,

BOOK OF MORMON.

We knew that *ye* could not construct a ship, for we knew that *ye* were lacking in judgment; wherefore, *thou* canst not accomplish so great a work (I Nephi 17: 19).

For the Lord had not hitherto suffered that we should make much fire, as we journeyed in the wilderness; for he said, I will make *thy* food become sweet, that *ye* cook it not (I Nephi 17: 12).

And I said unto *him*, Believest *thou* the scriptures? And *he* said, Yes. And I said unto *him*, Then *ye* do not understand them (Jacob 7: 10, 11).

Now Amulek said, O *thou* child of hell, why tempt *ye* me. Knowest *thou* that the righteous yieldeth to no such temptation? (Alma 11: 23).

BIBLE.

and upon *thy* gates: that *your* days may be multiplied, and the days of your children (Deut. 11: 20, 21).

Notwithstanding *thou* mayst kill and eat flesh in all *thy* gates, whatsoever *thy* soul lusteth after, according to the blessings of the Lord *thy* God which he hath given *thee* * * * only *ye* shall not eat the blood; *ye* shall pour it upon the earth as water. *Thou* mayst not eat within *thy* gates, etc. (Deut. 12: 15-17.)

BOOK OF MORMON.

Now I would that *ye* should remember that what I say unto *thee*, I say unto all (Alma 12: 5).

Behold my sons and my daughters, who are the sons and daughters of my second son, behold I leave unto *you* the same blessing which I left unto the sons and daughters of Laman; wherefore *thou* shalt not utterly be destroyed; but in the end *thy* seed shall be saved (II Nephi 4: 9).

These Hebraisms are thus demonstrated to be fully as characteristic of the language of the Book of Mormon as they are of that of the Bible, and some of the grammatical errors in the former, to which our attention is sometimes called by our opponents, are also found in the Bible, which is a model of correct English; and they should not be regarded by any one as fit matters for ridicule, but be viewed in their true light, as peculiarities necessarily associated with the use of a Hebrew idiom, and hence as affording unimpeachable evidence that the Book of Mormon was not written by Joseph Smith, nor by any other man who was not thoroughly familiar with some peculiar principles of the Jewish language.

If those who peruse these remarks will turn to Christ's sermon on the mount, and read especially Matt. 5: 39; 6: 1, 2 and 6, 7, and 16, 17, and 7: 1-5, they will find that, if there is any ground for charging illiteracy against the Book of Mormon writers because of the peculiarities in the use of language just passed upon, an identical charge of illiteracy can be sustained against the writers of the Bible.

Remarks relative to the Hebraisms in the Book of Mormon will be closed, for the present, with a few observations respecting the use of *we* in the text where Nephi says, "We are a descendant of Joseph" (I Nephi 6: 2). Writers of these times frequently use *we* instead of the singular *I*, as it seems to savor less of egotism, and Nephi's substitution of *we* for *I* in the cited text, suggests to

some minds grounds for the charge of modernism against his writings; but his language is fully sustained as proper by examples already produced, where a plural form is used for the singular to imply that the person or thing contains within himself or itself what is to be divided amongst many. In this case, Nephi could not alone claim the honor of being a descendant of Joseph, for his illustrious descent was necessarily shared with all the other members of his family. Thus this alleged mistake, or error, on the part of Nephi is, when rightly viewed, simply another evidence of the authenticity of his writings.

Passing now to another phase of our general subject, it becomes necessary to quote again some recognized authority as the foundation for our remarks. Turning, therefore, once again to *Greene's Hebrew Grammar*, paragraph 69, we learn that the "formation of words and their inflections are accomplished partly by internal changes and partly by external additions. * * * The external additions are significant syllables welded to the root or to the word, either at the beginning or the end." This statement of the principles upon which Jewish words are built up, shall be supplemented with a part of paragraph 181, as follows: "All nouns are, with respect to their formation, reducible to certain leading types or classes of words, each having a primary and proper import of its own. The derivation of nouns, as of the verbal species, from their respective roots and themes, calls into requisition all the expedients, whether of internal or of external changes, known to the language."

A general exhibit, illustrating the application of some of these principles in the formation of many of the Nephite proper names, is to be submitted; but before presenting it, there is one Nephite name that deserves special consideration, together with the meaning given to it in the Book of Mormon. The one thus singled out is Rabbahah (Alma 18: 13)).

The termination in *ah* is a very common one among Jewish proper names, and almost invariably carries with it the idea of some kind of relationship to Jehov-ah. For example: Abij-ah, means him to whom Jehov-ah is a father. Azari-ah signifies helped of the Lord, and Hezeki-ah, strength of the Lord. Further, the meaning of the Hebrew name Rabbi is, generally, "teacher," but

it also has the meaning of "master," or Lord, as we readily gather from the context of Matt. 23: 7, 8. A few relative remarks from the able pen of Dr. Adam Clarke in his notes on the text just cited now follow, and the special attention of our readers is requested to the points that he presents for our consideration. He says: "There are three words used among the Jews as titles of dignity, which they apply to their doctors—Rab, Rabbi and Rabban, each of these has its particular meaning: Rabban implies much more than Rabbi, and Rabbi much more than Rabh. They may be regarded as three degrees of comparison: Rabh great, Rabbi greater, and Rabban greatest." Now it is evident, from all the facts which bear upon this matter, that Rabban-ah must have some meaning that is associated with the highest of earthly dignities on one hand, and with the power, wisdom, or other attributes of Jehovah on the other,—with those of Him who is King of all kings. The Book of Mormon, therefore, in giving to the name Rabban-ah the meaning of "powerful or great king," is correct to the last degree. From the context of Alma 18: 13, where the name occurs, we learn that Lamoni, a Lamanitish king, and his people did not think the appellation beneath the dignity of the Great Spirit, whom they imagined they saw in their presence clothed upon with a body of flesh and bones. Not only is the meaning of this word correctly interpreted by the Book of Mormon writer, but it is built up upon unquestioned principles for the formation of names in the Hebrew. No mistake of any character has been made. It is derived from the proper root. The proper modification of that root is selected in order that its whole force—all the force and meaning that it was capable of being made to express—might appear in the new name, and, finally, the proper termination is added to associate it with the Almighty, or the Great Spirit, as he was known to the Lamanites.

The evidence which other Nephite names afford in favor of the Jewish origin of the Book of Mormon is very valuable; and some of the characteristics, by which they are distinguished as Hebraic, shall now be made apparent by means of the promised exhibit, which is of a comparative nature, showing at a glance the correspondence that exists between many Biblical names and others that are of Nephite formation. By means of this exhibit, our

readers will also get a view of the prefixes and suffixes, and other modifications that have been applied or effected in the formation of these Nephite names, which have been constructed according to the principles last quoted from *Greene's Hebrew Grammar*:

BIBLE.	BOOK OF MORMON.	BIBLE.	BOOK OF MORMON
Abinad-ab	{ Abinad-i { Abinad-om		{ Gid Gid-don-ah
Abish-ag	Abish	Gid-eon	{ Gid-ianhi Gid-gid-doni
Gosh-en	A-gosh		{ Am-gid Mori-ancumer
Kish	{ A-kish Kish-cumen		{ Mori-anton Mori-antum
Riblah	{ Ripla-kish Aminod-i	Mori-ah	{ Zer-ah-emn-ah Gaz-elem
Aminad-ab	An-gola	Zer-ah	Hesh-lon
Gola-n	Chemish	Gaz-ara	
Car-chemish	{ Math-on-i Math-on-ih-ah	Hesh-bon	{ Jacob-u-gath Jacob
Math-u-sala	Com	Jacob	{ Gath Josh
Mil-com	Gim-gim-no	Gath	O-gath
Gim-zo	Hag-oth	Josh-u-a	{ Shem-non Shem-lon
Hag-gai	Jeho-cab	Gath	{ Shim-nil-on Shim
Jeho-ash	{ Kim Kim-nor	Shem	{ Neph-i-h-ah Ze-nephi
Eli-a-kim	Shiz	Shim-ron	Z-enock
Shiz-a	Tubal	Nephi	Z-enos
Tubal	{ Zara-hem-la Amni-gad-d-ah	Enoch	Ammon-ih-a
Zara	Gad-iandi	Enos	Anti-par-ahh
Hem-dan {	Gad-iant-on	Ammon	Sar-i-ah
Gad	Gad-iomn-ah	Par-ah	Nimrah
Amal-ek	Amal-icki-ah	Sar-ah	Nehor
Jon-ah	Ant-(j)i-on-ah	Nim-rod	Shared
Gil-gal	Gil-g-ah	Jared	Shilem
Shilo	Shilo-m	Shillem	Sidom
Elam	He-lam-an	Sidon	Zoram
Hem-dan	Hem	Zorab	Ante-onum
Nahum	Nahom	Onam	Emer
Shur	{ Shurr Sher-riz-ah	Emmer	Ethem
Ah-i-ah	Ah-ah	Etham	Ezrom
Ah-i	Ah-a	Ezra	Jacom
Rib-blah	Rip-l-ah	Jacob	Laman
Ab-(sa)-lom	Ab-lom	Mosol-lamon	Omer
Aaron	{ Am-aron Amm-aron	Omar	Shez
Amnon	Amnor	Shizz-a	Shule
Melech	Melek	Shulam	Zeram
Jordan	Jordon	Zera	Jashon

The names that appear in the foregoing lists, from Zara to the close, comprise a class in which it appears very probable that most of the variations from the Biblical standard are due to modifications in their orthography by the Nephites, and when we consider that these people were cut off entirely from communication with their brethren in Palestine during the whole period while the Book of Mormon history was making, it is not strange that such changes in some of the Jewish names were made. Their occurrence was inevitable under the circumstances; and they are just as necessary and valuable as evidence to sustain the authenticity of the Book of Mormon record, as the remarkable features of correspondence connected with the names in the first part of the exhibit are. Our case would be very defective without these variations.

Taking the names that have been given above as of Jewish origin, and this course seems fully justified, and adding them to those in the Book of Mormon that are identical in every way with Biblical names, there are fully sixty per cent of all that occur in the former work that are Hebraic on their face—about thirty per cent in the foregoing lists alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Flagstaff, Ariz.

Thrift, Thrift, Horatio.

John D. Rockefeller never wearis of impressing on the young the folly of mean and parsimonious habits. In one of his most recent interviews he said:

“These miserly people reap nothing but discomfort from their false economies. Take, for example, the case of Mrs. Silas Long of Sussex.

“‘Martha,’ said old Silas one fall day, ‘I think I’ll go and get a few apples from the orchard.’

“He looked at her timidly. She said:

“‘Well, be careful now, Si, only to pick the bad ones.’

“Suppose there ain’t no bad ones, Martha?’

“‘Then ye’ll have to wait till some goes bad, of course,’ the old lady snapt. ‘We can’t afford to eat good, sound fruit wuth three cents a bushel.’—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Purpose of Education.

BY J. P. MAY.

All people are agreed that man should be educated, but just what education should consist of is perhaps a mooted question. Very little disagreement is found, however, regarding the foundation, which is the common school course; this is recognized as necessary for the foundation of every child's training. The general tendency of the times is towards the plan of giving to each student that class of knowledge for which nature has best fitted him, in order that he may be of most use to society, and to himself. After the common school course is completed, all additional training should be given with the aim in view of developing the pupil along those lines for which he is adapted, and, at the same time, make a normal man of him, with the greatest degree of efficiency compatible with such normality. That such is recognized as a good standard, is evident wherever education is an issue. If this standard could be followed more closely, we should have a better class of graduates from our high schools than those usually turned out, and college education would be less of a problem. To give a boy a thorough course in classics, when he is a natural mechanic, is quite contrary to the theories of proper development. Knowledge is becoming too complex for one person to be a master of more than one subject or department, hence the all-important question is, what shall be best for my boy? Whose is the duty of determining just what course the young man shall take? Teachers find that the parent oftentimes knows little about the real genius of the child. On the other hand, many teachers are incompetent to advise the youth properly. It

is evident that the co-operation of student, parent and teacher is the only successful method.

Mainly as a result of improper development, we see on all sides young men who have studied their sciences and their arts, and still are not that which they wished themselves to be, and not the class of trained citizens which the state and nation needs most. Perhaps our commercial spirit is partly responsible for the production of young people trained, but still unfitted, for practical life. "How much money can I earn?" is the ever-present problem before the average young man. In order to get students, the monetary side of an education has been made too prominent by various schools, the result being that young people go to school mainly for the purpose of finding a way, in order that they may get along with less work and more money. The fact that all earth-creatures were adapted for activity, and that man must actually labor, both with his hands and with his brain, is almost lost sight of in many schools. Idleness has killed far more people than war, disease and natural calamities ever killed. Work, good, honest toil, is the maker of men, without which no man can properly develop or evolve. There are other results of faulty or wrongly directed education, chief among which is the production of arrogance and vanity. If education does not prove a sure cure for conceit, then there is something wrong with the system or methods.

Educators generally agree that to train a youth properly due attention must be given to the spiritual, the intellectual and the physical. Accepting this self-evident proposition, it is quite remarkable how unbalanced some training really appears.

It is not enough that students be taught that every cause has its effect, and that each effect is the result of a definite cause. In training the young man, he should at all times be instructed to classify and correlate his knowledge. Leaving aside the improvement of the physical, let us look into the results of the lack of correlation between the intellectual and the spiritual instruction. The writer has met hundreds of young men who have received high school and college training, and yet are very deficient in spirituality. Having taken the best that good parents have accumulated; having been given all the love that fond parents can bestow, still there are those who scoff at the ideas and modes of

life of "father and mother." One can often hear the young man say, "O I have learned more than they. I find that all religions are man-made, and that all men are working for their own welfares. If I live a good life, pay my debts, and help the poor, I shall get along about as well as my forefathers." For such reasons as these he quits his church, or allows his name to remain on the record while he does nothing for the advancement of the faith of his fathers. The cause of such conclusions is a lack of assimilation of truths. Harmonization of all facts is not sufficiently prominent in education. If such correlation and harmonization of truths, for the purpose of solving life's secrets, were given due attention, a remedy for low spirituality would soon be disclosed.

Our young men study sociology, and yet fail to apply the truth that the grade of a society can be found from the degree in which people unite to form co-operative assemblages. Instead of getting out of all church work, because he does not agree with every detail of doctrine, the broad-minded man will endeavor to improve the weak places and harmonize the apparent discords. There are many who wear a sure sign of superficiality and lack of proper reasoning by claiming they need no religion, and acting as though they really require no assistance from anyone. The interdependence of social units is lost sight of in the mist which improperly correlated truths have cast over the sight. Many forget that if all men were like themselves, there would be no religions and no governments—no civilization. The fact that all men are trying to follow the line of least resistance means too much to our young people. They forget that Old Earth was specially created for just such a class of creatures; that one who slumbers too long must lose his identity, his name passing away from among men.

Only three generations from "shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" still rules in the families of the aristocrats. The rich father seldom has a son like the sire, because improper education over-balanced the youth. The heart of religion is brotherhood. The man who fails to do all in his power to assist the spirit of brotherly love has received wrong education.

One can see many men who refuse to have anything to do with religion because they cannot understand all its principles. Of

course when a doctrine is proved to be wrong it should be cast aside, but because an idea is not understood, is no indication of its being illogical. Because he cannot grasp the whole, and understand every detail, the young man leaves the church. One can see the same person relying on his arithmetic, and yet, perhaps, he never did master its principles; he may use and enjoy an electric light without knowing the secrets of electricity; survey with the transit, without knowing much about magnetism, or get married on slight acquaintance. Is he consistent in demanding that religion be entirely explained?

President Eliot recently spoke about a new religion. Judging from the records of the past, this new religion will contain all the essentials of true religion as we have it, and have added to it a constant stream of truth, correlated and arranged about the same. This great educator recognized the fact that we need religion and must ever have it. Man has developed far enough to prove as true the fundamentals of religion. The duality of man demands religion. Science is a real brother to religion, and in no case has she weakened the faith, of the properly educated man, in God. We have dreamed a greater God, that is all. To him who has been blinded by superficial facts, "God is lost amid his stars."

Science tends to prove that matter is becoming crystallized. There is some good evidence to show that the moon is gradually becoming purified by crystallization. Judging from the luxuriant growth of vegetation and varied and huge animals that once grew on this globe, compared with present flora and fauna, our sphere is traveling towards a state of freedom through being crystallized. The sea of glass, which John the Revelator saw, may actually yet be seen. Any man who is broadly and properly educated must surely become humble and prayerful - there is no knowledge, properly correlated, that should make him otherwise. True humility is a sign of progress, especially when the humble man possesses a good store of knowledge, gleaned from life's many sources. There is no ground on which any argument against spiritual education can rest; on the contrary we have a thousand facts to justify faith in the dictates of the inner man.

Milford, Utah.

Salvation Universal.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR., ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN.

III.

Salvation for the dead was understood in the days of the primitive Christian Church, and to some extent baptisms for the dead continued to be performed until A. D. 379, when the Council of Carthage forbade any longer the administration of this ordinance and "holy communion" for the dead. Paul uses baptism for the dead as an argument against the Corinthian Saints, who, even in that day, were falling away from the true gospel. These saints understood the doctrine of baptism for the dead, yet they doubted the general resurrection. Paul argues with them thus:

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnessess of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . . Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead? and why stand we in jeopardy every hour?*

* I Cor. 15: 12-30.

Joseph Smith, the prophet, informs us that salvation for the dead was introduced in the days of Christ who had reference to this subject when, in addressing the Jews, he said: "That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of the righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar. Verily I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation."* Commenting on this, the prophet said the reason that generation would have to answer for the blood of the righteous from Abel to Zacharias, was that in their day the privilege of performing the ordinances in behalf of the dead, was within their power, while it had been denied anciently. "Hence," said he, "as they possessed greater privileges than any other generation, not only pertaining to themselves, but to their dead, their sin was greater, as they not only neglected their own salvation, but that of their progenitors, and hence their blood was required at their hands."†

In this same article the prophet declared that Obediah was speaking of salvation for the dead when he said, "And saviors shall come upon Mount Zion, to judge the Mount of Esau, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's."‡

The work of saving the dead has practically been reserved for the dispensation of the fulness of times, when the Lord shall restore all things. It is, therefore, the duty of the Latter-day Saints to see that it is accomplished. We cannot do it all at once, but will have the thousand years of the Millennium to do it in. In that time the work must be done in behalf of the dead of the previous six thousand years for all who need it. Temples will be built for this purpose, and the labor in them will occupy most of the time of the Saints.

One of the most important prophecies, pertaining to the dead, is that of Malachi. He prophesied that the Lord would send Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, for the purpose of turning the hearts of the fathers to

* Matt. 23: 35, 36.

† *Times and Seasons* 3: 761.

‡ Obediah 21.

the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, lest the earth be smitten with a curse, when the Lord should come. This prophecy, which is not understood by the world, has come to pass. When the Angel Moroni appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith, September 21, 1823, among the passages of scripture he quoted that were about to be fulfilled, was this prophecy of Malachi's; but he quoted it with this variation: "Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood by the hand of Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, and he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promise made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming."*

From this, we see that Elijah's mission was to restore that priesthood which would turn the hearts of the children to their fathers, according to a promise that had been made to the fathers. That it was extremely important and necessary, is shown in the fact that the whole earth would be utterly wasted at the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, if this priesthood were not restored. This quotation deeply impressed the prophet at that time, although he could not understand it. Three times that night it was repeated, and again on the following day. Gradually, as link after link of the gospel chain was revealed, and the keys and powers were bestowed, the prophet increased in wisdom and knowledge. In time, a temple was built in Kirtland, but in it there was no baptismal font, or any other provision made for ordinance work for the dead. The reason is that the doctrine had not been fully revealed. This temple, however, served the purpose for which it was erected, a house of the Lord, where he could come, and send his angels to bestow keys and authority necessary in this dispensation. In this temple, April 3, 1836, the Savior and many of the ancient prophets appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and bestowed upon their heads the keys of the several dispensations. Among these heavenly visitors came Elijah, who placed his hands on the heads of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and gave them the priesthood spoken of by Malachi.

**History of the Church*. Vol. 1: 12.

chi. "Therefore," said he, "the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands, and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors.*

What was the promise made to the fathers that was to be fulfilled in the latter-days by the turning of the hearts of the children to their fathers? It was the promise of the Lord made through Enoch, Isaiah, and the prophets, to the nations of the earth, that the time should come when the dead should be redeemed. And the turning of the hearts of the children is fulfilled in the performing of the vicarious temple work and in the preparation of their genealogies. Up to the time of Elijah's visit, there had been nothing done for the dead. The doctrine was not understood by the Saints, and there was no temple built where the ordinances could be performed. But as soon as this priesthood was restored, the hearts of the children commenced turning toward their fathers.

The knowledge of temple building and temple work was made known to the prophet from time to time subsequently to the 3rd of April, 1836, and he commenced to reveal these things to the Saints. In Nauvoo they were commanded to build a temple to the Lord, for only in temples can these ordinances be performed, excepting in times of extreme poverty, when they cannot build temples for that purpose. "For this ordinance belongeth to my house," says the Lord, "and cannot be acceptable to me (*i. e.* outside of the Lord's house) only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to buil a house unto me."† As the Latter-day Saints were in this poverty-stricken condition when they settled at Nauvoo, the Lord granted them the privilege of baptizing for the dead in the Mississippi river, until a place could be prepared for the ordinance in the temple. Just as soon as a font could be prepared in the temple, the Lord, by revelation, discontinued baptisms for the dead in any other place. It was October 3, 1841, when this revelation was given, and on the 8th of the following month, the font in the temple at Nauvoo was dedicated, and from that day, until the Saints were driven from Illinois, that ordinance con-

* Doc. and Cov. 110: 16.

† Doc. and Cov. 124: 30.

tinued to be performed by them in that house in behalf of their dead.* After arriving in Salt Lake valley, the first commandment

* Some of those who would destroy the work of God, have declared that the Church was rejected, with its dead, because the temple at Nauvoo was not finished; and, say they, the Lord, in this revelation, declared that he would give the Saints sufficient time to build a house (temple) unto him, and if they failed to build it in the sufficient time, they would be rejected with their dead. The fact is, that the Nauvoo Temple was built, and many of the Saints received their endowments in it, and labored for their dead before they were finally driven from Nauvoo by their enemies. But the meaning of this revelation is perverted; the Lord did not say he would reject the Church, with its dead, if they failed to build the temple, but that they would be rejected *if they did not perform the ordinances for their dead in the temple when it was prepared for that purpose.* Here is the commandment in question (sec. 124: 31-35):

“But I command you, all ye my Saints, to build a house unto me; and I grant unto you a sufficient time to build a house unto me, and during this time your baptisms [*i. e.* outside of a temple] shall be acceptable unto me.

“But, behold, at the end of this appointment [*i. e.* the sufficient time] your baptisms for your dead shall not be acceptable unto me [*i. e.* outside of a temple] *and if ye do not these things at the end of the appointment, [i. e. temple work] ye shall be rejected as a Church, with your dead,* saith the Lord your God.

“For verily I say unto you, that after you have had sufficient time to build a house to me, *wherein the ordinances of baptizing for the dead belongeth,* and for which the same was instituted from before the foundation of the world, your baptisms for your dead [*i. e.* in any other place than in a temple] cannot be acceptable unto me, for therein are the keys of the holy priesthood ordained that you may receive honor and glory.

“And after this time [when a house is prepared] your baptism for the dead, by those who are scattered abroad, are not acceptable unto me, saith the Lord.” [Italics and brackets are mine. J. F. S., Jr.]

And if ye do not these things at the end of the appointment, obviously does not mean “if you do not build a temple at the *end of the appointment,*” as our critics claim it does, but it refers to the *ordinanee*s that were to be performed in the temple, and the failure on the part of the Saints to perform these ordinances for their dead was the thing that would cause their rejection with their dead, and not the failure to build

President Young received from the Lord was to commence to build a temple where this work could be continued. The members of the Church responded, and four temples have been built, where the living now go to officiate for the dead.

The restoration of Elijah's priesthood accomplished more than the turning of the hearts of the members of the Church to their fathers, for the spirit of his mission spread forth and took hold of the hearts of the honorable men and women in the world who have been directed, they know not why, to spend their time and means in preparing genealogies, vital records and various other genealogical data, which they are publishing at great labor and expense.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the year following the coming of Elijah, the British government passed laws requiring the proper recording of records, and the filing of them in one central place. In the year 1844, the New England Historical and Genealogical Society was organized in Boston; in 1869 the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society was incorporated in New York. Other societies have been organized from time to time in America, principally in the New England States, and they are publishing quarterly genealogical magazines and registers, family records, etc.: disseminating information continually regarding our ancestors, that is useful to the Latter-day Saints. The New England Society is publishing, as they express it in their magazine, "by a fund set apart from the bequest of Robert

the temple, which was merely the edifice in which the saving principles were to be performed. This is in harmony with the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who said that if we neglect the salvation of our dead "*we do it at the peril of our own salvation!*" Why? Because we without them cannot be made perfect" (Doc. and Cov. sec. 28: 15).

The virtue of salvation for the dead is not in the structure of the temple, but in the *ordinances* which are performed in the temple. The temple is to the ordinances just what the vessel is to the life-giving nourishment it contains. Those who would reject us on a technicality, because, as they say, "we did not finish the temple," neither build temples nor perform the ordinances for the dead, wherein they prove their rejection by the Lord, according to the revelations of Joseph Smith, the prophet.

Henry Eddy," to the society, the vital records (births, marriages and deaths) of towns in Massachusetts, whose records are not already printed from the beginning to the year 1850. This is a tremendous work, many volumes of these records have been published, and others are in course of preparation.* Eventually they will be printed by this and other similar societies in Massachusetts, a state that has set the pace for her sister states to follow. There, and in other parts, these societies are protected and encouraged by legislative enactment. Besides these numerous societies engaged in this noble work, there are multitudes of individual laborers who are publishing at their own expense family genealogies and vital records that extend back for hundreds of years.

In Great Britain the work is carried on by the Harlian Society, the Genealogist Society, Phillimore & Company, the Lancashire Parish Register Society, the Yorkshire Parish Register Society, and similar societies in nearly all of the countries of Great Britain. These societies publish the parish registers of the several parishes in England, and to an extent in Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

*Other societies in Massachusetts are also preparing vital records, among them are the Topsfield Historical Society, the Essex Antiquarian Society, the "Systematic History Fund," Franklin P. Rice, trustee. Of this work Mr. Rice, who is a pioneer in genealogical research, says:

"I hope sometime to give in detail an account of the various undertakings in the line of record preservation with which I have been connected since I began, in the early seventies, with the idea, crude and imperfect, of subjecting to classification, for easy reference, manuscript materials in public depositories, many of which were then hidden or unknown, and in many places practically inaccessible.

* * * Thirty-five years ago the interest in such matters was mainly antiquarian, and the few examples in print in this line had been inspired from that standpoint. Genealogical research was not the powerful factor it is today. As the idea expanded and developed, I came to regard the work chiefly in its practical and scientific aspects, and I applied the term "Systematic History" as best explaining its purpose, to meet the necessities of all enquirers and investigators. * * * I formulated a plan sometime before 1890 to require the towns in Massachusetts to print their records, but this met with little favor. Its substantial features are embodied in the Act of 1902. * * * Pursuing the work since 1898 under the operation of the Systematic History Fund, I have been able to secure copies and to print the vital records of more than thirty towns in central Massachusetts."

There is also in Great Britain Lodge's, Debrigg's and Burkes' *Peerages and Visitations* which are invaluable to the searcher of genealogical information in those lands. These numerous societies and individuals in the world, upon whom the spirit of Elijah has fallen to this extent at least, are compiling, printing and distributing these records of the dead, faster than the Saints can, with their present facilities and understanding of the work, obtain them: In fact, they have far outstripped us in the race, and while we sometimes are given to boasting of the great work we are doing for the dead, it is as nothing, a mere drop in the bucket. These people and societies are helping us, should we not take every advantage of their labors and stand in the forefront, magnifying our calling and proving our birthright as the children of Ephraim?

Thus the hearts of the children are gradually, but surely, turning towards their fathers. The spirit of this work is now taking hold of the hearts of the people of Germany, Scandinavia and the continent of Europe. And why are they doing this? Because their hearts have been drawn out to their fathers, through the restoration of the keys of salvation for the dead, and they are energetically and faithfully laboring, but all the while unconscious of the full significance and worth of their labors, simply because the work appeals to them and they are fascinated by it. Surely they shall receive their reward!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Rapid Transit.

In response to growing demands in his home, Henry Kitchell Webster, author of *The Sky Man*, once went to his father's house, borrowed the family high-chair and started taking it home by hand. Not only did he have to wait long for his car, but when it finally came its conductor was a humorist.

"Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured.

"Yes," admitted Webster, wearily, "I grew up while waiting for the car."—*Success.*

Dan Hudson's Sacrifice.

A Story for Christmastide.

BY ATTE RA.

I.

The brief tale I am about to tell, has not sweet scented mists of a romantic "long ago" for its setting. Indeed, but twenty years have Christmas chimes been rung and Christmas prayers been said since its happening. And, Christmas story though it is, the curtain does not once rise to reveal a bright array of candle lights, and the delightful odor of hemlock and spruce—hallowed incense of our childhood day. And more—the *place* is not verdant hillsides, "where shepherds watched," but a wilderness of sand and stone, belonging to that unknown and unknowable desert of our western wonderland, the Colorado Plateau. And, again, the *time* is not December, but August—burning, blighting August. Notwithstanding, I would have you listen, and at Christmastide.

Fourteen years before the August of which I write, a prospector, known in eastern parlance as mountaineer, drifting slowly westward, found a desert of stone, cut and creased with canyons, the most wonderful in all the world. In one little canyon, or gorge, fifty miles from any human habitation, he found a stream and a stretch of land. In this little valley, or vale, (where was rich soil and bright verdure) he built a home, which on all sides, save an opening to the west, was walled in by cliffs of sand-stone, red and treeless. Thither, from far-off new England hills, he brought his young wife and three toddling babes.

It was now the thirteenth anniversary of that home-coming, and the white heat, in which all nature swooned, was typical. Great masses of blue-gray clouds shifted, and, as if impelled by some power above and beyond, slowly rose from the horizon line. Their rifts and borders dashed with glints from the setting sun, quivered and glowed like living flame.

“Ah, a dark cloud with a bright lining!”

The exclamation came from a youth, who stood upon the brow of a rockbound ridge, beside the ruins of a mighty cliff, and dreamed a dream of the future.

For more than an hour loving eyes—the eyes of a mother—had watched him there, as the twilight cut a silhouette of his lithe young form against the amber of the sky.

“An artist,” she murmured. “I know, I know, it was in my father’s blood, it was my heritage, it is his—thank God?”

She knew not that her son’s gaze was far beyond the band of clouds, and that the burst of light had but that moment called him from his dream.

A harsh voice shouting, “Whoa, there, you black beast!” startled the woman, and she hastened from the boulder on which she leaned, down rugged, stony steps, through a tangle of brush to the garden path, where she met a broad, stalwart man, the master of her mountain home.

“Get the milk buckets, Annie,” was his only greeting, after a day’s absence. “That blamed boy has gone daft, I ’spose—stands there on the ledge watchin’ for the cows that’s bin in corral since sun. I’ll have ’em to milk, tired as I am, unless you’ll give a hand.”

Not tonight, Abraham. I’ve been ill all day, and came out only for a fresh breath.

“Sick, are you!” returned the husband gruffly. “Well, then, why in thunder don’t yu’ go to bed, instead of whinin’ ’round here?”

With this angry remark he grabbed her arm, and pushed her rudely from the path. The same instant he felt a powerful hand grasp his collar, and before resistance could be made, he was whirled around and left sitting upon the ground. Over him towered an angry man; a man of six feet and broad chest; a man

whose brown, mobile face had suddenly turned to stone; a man whose eyes flashed fire from the passion that burned within; a man — his son Dan, the “boy who had gone daft.”

In an instant the startled, breathless man was on his feet, and the two, father and son, glared at each other with fists clenched and bestial eyes. The young man first relaxed.

“Father,” he cried out, with a fearless voice, “for twenty years you have kept me in the traces; but henceforth I am a man, and shall take the part of a man, as I now perform the labor of one; and if you ever again, to my knowing, either by word or by touch, offer my mother an insult, to a man, sir, you shall answer —God witness between us.”

A low moan from the woman, who had fallen prostrate, with a pallor as of death upon her face, arrested the attention of the men. The son, with a spring swift and agile as a cat’s, reached the mother’s side, and with strong arms bore her tenderly to a place of rest. At that moment the canyon rang with the vibrant echoes of loud halloos. Dogs barked; horses whinnied; and the mountaineer hastened to the broad lane, where he swung apart heavy gates that opened from the white, dusty canyon road below, to his verdant home. Dan and Dan’s mother, (just awakened from her faint) knew by the hearty, ringing, “Ho, ho, friends, welcome to the hermitage!” that Abraham Hudson, the master, would make good his reputation for hospitality, and do credit to his mountain appellation, “prospector’s pard.”

II.

A week had passed since the altercation in the garden path. Hudson had been genial, as usual, to his visiting friends, prospectors from the river eighty miles away; but to his family glum and morose. With a gruff “good bye,” called out as he released the creaking brake to his wagon, he started off on one of his two week trips to “the towns.” Ah, that two weeks!

To the mother, in her after years, as she looked back over the pathway of her woman’s life, it was the hour of her heart’s sweetest triumph. There she was, in the great silence of the wilderness, shut in by walls towering and ominous, but with a gladsome, ca-

ressing child (her little girl Elin—her rose of the desert) clasped in her arms, and, protectingly at her side, her boy, her first-born, now a man; and to her came the solace for a mother's long anxiety. For twenty years she had watched her boy, a divine mystery of budding, growing, blossoming manhood. What a stretch of uncertainty, what a record of watching, waiting, praying! It was all before her, a picture that could fade only with the light of life. The first sharp wail that announced the little one's arrival from a great unknown; the first glimpse of a tiny face that fancy had long portrayed; the first touch of eager lips; the first thrill from the quivering baby form that seemed to struggle for protection and for love. Yes, the helpless infant, the gladsome child, the quiet, dreaming youth, she had watched them all in him, and now—the man!

Much had come into that stretch of twenty years' time. Three of the little ones who had found in that mother's arms a cradle of rest, had grown strangely cold and quiet beneath her watch care. Death had found that home in the rocks. Three times the strong man and the fragile woman, husband and wife, had bowed together in the presence of the grim reaper. Three times were their souls laid bare in grief; and drawing near to mourn their common loss, they had seemed to understand and to thank God for each other. Silently, and none knew whence—perchance in the noon-day glare and heat of toil—perchance in the quiet hours when shadows crept, unseen powers had parted those human hearts, drawn closer by the hand of sorrow than by the bonds of love. And yet, the woman toiled on, a loneliness in her soul more vast, and more terrible, than that in the silent, lifeless rocks. He, who should have been her refuge, drew ever nearer to the worship of hidden gold, ever farther from humankind, and ever farther from his God. There, during the master's absence, in the long twilights, and in the glory of desert moonlight, those two, mother and son, held communion; and found that sweetest comradship the world affords, the sympathy of souls.

As the mother sat, one bright evening, with Elin's head pillowled in her lap, Dan listened till the child slumbered, and the lullabys were hushed; when, suddenly, he began to talk with an earnest vehemence she had never heard before from him.

"Mother," he said, "it seems strange to me in what utter blindness human beings can live. Do you know, mother, what my six months away at school did for me? To be sure I learned but little of grammar and arithmetic in that time, but in some miraculous way, everybody and everything I had known, myself included, had their masks pulled off; and the world became a different place. I learned that I was not quite like other boys from ranch homes. I could read and write with ease; and, to my own surprise, possessed quite a treasury of historical knowledge—the tales you had so often told, and encouraged me to retell. My knowledge of the Bible, too, you think me dull in that, but my teacher thought it did me credit. That teacher taught us other and better things, mother, than our books contained; and I feel, somehow, that he opened for me the doors to another sphere where—where—well, I don't exactly know where, or what, only this: God has given me talents and powers, and I mean to use them for my own betterment and to his glory. I'm not content to be a cunning fox with a hole in the rocks of this desert."

Dan's eyes flashed, but his voice grew strangely low and musical, vibrant with boyish passions long pent up.

"Mother, my mother," and he took a step nearer in reverential attitude, then, bending low, he touched the soft waves of her hair with his lips. "Mother," again he said, "do you know, I can't help but think that your companion—your husband, I mean—should have been like that man, that teacher I adore."

The mother started, her lips moved, but she made no sound, and her son went on:

"I know that my father took you when you were a young, homeless orphan, and made you his wife. You were grateful, you even loved him, for he was a hero in your eyes. Your love and gratitude, I know, also, will end in a life-long constancy, in unending devotion, and what does he give, what will he give in return? He promised protection, to love and cherish. You believed, rough and uncouth though he seemed, that he would always be gentle with you; that you would be his helpmeet, his wife, his queen! And now, how is it? He desired gold, not the gold of honest toil, and great achievement, but gold that waits far off in the pockets of the earth, for the grasp of the adventurer. His manly endur-

ance, his fearless exploits were, I grant, from the hero's soul, but to what end did he so desire wealth? Did he ever strive for the welfare of mankind, for the betterment of the world, or was his hunger but the miser's greed? In his efforts to gratify the appetite for adventure and for gain, did he ever pause for one moment to consider what wilderness life would mean to his frail, young wife? I think not. She was dragged from pillar to post, to live in tents, in hovels, in unsheltered wilderness camps. Every craving of his restless, roving nature he has pampered and fed, while her heart has gone forever hungry. Three of her babes, snatched by the hand of death from her warm breast, are laid where the wolf will forever howl, and the viper forever find his home. Abram Hudson's wife, his gentle, loving wife—my mother, is a bond woman; and it breaks the heart of her son. My father has gold now, sufficient for a home in civilized lands, with rest for his wife and education for his children. Will he leave this place, think you, where, among his fellows, (self-made outcasts of society) he is a chieftain, a "hale fellow well met?" Never, unless help comes from One greater than man; which, for his sake and for ours, may the Father above grant. Do you know, mother, that already he entices me with gold to give up my school, my ambition, all that would make me worthy of companionship with noble men, men of action, men of culture, that he may have my service here?

"Once he was, to my childish mind, what he is now to my little sister's, a great man, a hero of many daring deeds, and my self-sacrificing mother helped to keep up the illusion; but his boasts—"

"Dan, Dan, my boy!" interrupted the mother, with pleading exclamation; but, with impulsive gesture, the lad went on, his words quick, his voice tense from the train of thought bursting from a long silence:

"I know, I know, mother—'children should honor and obey, that their days may be long,' and all that. I should pray for my days to be short in this land which the Lord giveth to howling beasts and creeping reptiles. Poor honor, it seems to me, is that a parent might gain through a child's greed, and not his love; and, oh, how bitter for a loving child to learn that honor is undeserved! To little Elin, father is now as great as the kings in her story

books, but to father, what is little Elin? A princess deserving all that he can bestow, or a child born to serfdom, whom he has the right to imprison here in this cage of scorching, blistering rock?

“Hear me, mother, for this once I must speak the bitter truth that eats at my heart. I must tell you—he—is—a—hard—man—a—grim—jailor! whose passions have been his highest law; and yet, according to his own code, my father, thank God, is a man of high honor, and, perchance, in his stony heart may yet be found a crevice of untarnished gold. Listen, mother!” Dan’s voice was low and sweet again, “listen—I have vowed to rescue you and Elin, and perchance the grim jailor, too, from this prison house! How, I know not, but my faith is great, and the Lord will be my support.”

Together, that night, Dan and his mother prayed as they had never prayed before, for divine guidance. The next day was one of earnest fasting and petition. Dan decided to help his father for a few months longer, when the freighting season would be over and contracts with the miners would be fulfilled; then, at the beginning of the new year, to set out for school and for a new life.”

“I have,” he said, “a little means of my own, and on December 25, I shall be what the law calls of age. That, mother, will be my second real birthday: but I shall wish you still to feel that I am yours—your Christmas child grown to manhood; and may the day come when you will feel that this great world of evil and of good, is a little better because your child has lived.”

Mrs. Hudson listened to her son with infinite pride and with infinite pain in her face. Did the thought of parting with her son bring with it a premonition of ill? or had she in that thought come very near in sympathy to the mother of sorrows, whose Son was a sacrifice for the whole world?

Tenderly Dan kissed her white, pain-stricken face.

“Don’t grieve, mother,” he said; “I have looked forward for years and years to the birthday when it will be my right to choose. Not for myself alone have I wished it; but that I may go from this place, which has never once seemed to me a right place in which to live; for, even when a child, I caught the spirit of your loneliness and my own; and I resolved some day to go forth and build a home, a real home, for you, and for father, too, should he wish.

Every time I heard a wolf howl, something in my heart would say, 'This is his home and not yours, go! go! and leave the wilderness to him.'

"Mother," again Dan pleaded, "think not of that dear Christmas with a heart of dread; for on that day I shall be more to you than I have ever been, and I feel in my very soul that the Lord will make it for us all the beginning of a new life."

III.

August heat, white, sifting, penetrating, had burned for nearly thirty days. The scant vegetation of the desert had turned gray and crisp; but the sandstone wilds, though submitted for thousands of times to that furnace heat had not yet turned molten. The silence was so vast it seemed to bound the very earth, and to stifle every breath of air; and yet this silence was one day broken. Living, moving specks, men with their beasts of burden, threaded a pathway through the rock-bound sands.

Abram Hudson and his son, for they it was who traveled the desert through the August heat, were on their way with food and supplies for a prospector's store or cache, whence miners would fetch them to their camps. Though but the fulfilment of a contract, that meant to the two men a dangerous trip for a handful of gold, its non-fulfilment would have been dishonor to themselves, suffering and, perchance, death to their fellows.

The travelers had made use of the long, shadowy, but not cool hours before daybreak, hoping to find some sort of shelter and rest during the noontime heat.

To save three days of travel, and to insure, as they believed, water for man and beast, the freighters had left the circuitous mountain trail for a cut-off leading through a rock chasm which was, at flood time, a river bed. Like the walls of Colorado's grand canyon, the cliffs on either side of the wash were, for hundreds of feet, perpendicular and impenetrable; in truth, a sixty mile crack or crevice in the solid rock. In these great walls, though often miles apart, were huge, hollow, basin-like shelves, known as water pockets. The spring rains filled these pockets making reservoirs of water that lasted for months; and to their existence many travel-

ing prospectors owed their lives. The Hudsons planned to water at the fifteen-mile pocket soon after sunrise, and at the twenty-mile pocket to pitch camp. At this pocket was a cross-cut crevice in the cliffs, which afforded a steep and rugged pathway to the heights above, the only outlet for human feet within a forty-mile stretch; and, in case of cloudburst storms, the only place of escape from the torrent that sometimes filled the wash.

The trip from Muddy Springs, had been a rough ride, long and dry; and as the little party neared the first pockets the horses sniffed and whinnied, and the men wet their lips and parched throats with the last insipid drops from their canteens. To their dismay they found the pockets, large and always before well filled, nearly dry. The horses rubbed their noses in the basins of mud while the men climbed to the shelves above.

No water was found. Would another stretch of five miles bring them relief? To return to the springs they had left behind, in that more than tropic heat, seemed impossible; while to push on to the next pockets, and find no water, they knew meant certain death.

The men looked at each other in silence. "God have mercy!" muttered the elder! Dan's answer was a long and searching look at the clouds above. Men had been rescued from that furnace by sudden rains, and men, he knew, had died in that pitiless heat.

Both men, without a word, took from their empty canteens a mouthful of damp coffee grounds, and mounting their jaded beasts urged them slowly on. They had dropped the loads from the pack animals, and one was left to die.

Abram Hudson's face soon grew purple, and his tongue swelled. Dan pushed ahead at a slightly quicker pace, found water, and hastened on the return track, to find his father fallen from his horse, unconscious.

At sunset that day both men and animals were in camp, refreshed and rested; but the supply of water from the lower pockets was nearly exhausted, and preparations were made for a climb in the cross-crevice to the basins above.

When half way up the cliff, and the men believed within short distance of water, they both rested themselves upon a flat shelf projecting from the cliff. At the shelf's further end a slen-

der pine shot upward, apparently grown from the solid rock. Back of this, and running the entire length of the shelf, was a cave, whether deep or shallow the uncertain light failed to reveal.

"Rest here, father, the climb on up is very steep and will be too much for you. I'll fill my canteens, if I find water, alone, and then come for yours."

The father, still weak from the collapse of the morning, threw himself at full length upon the floor of the shelf, while Dan climbed slowly and cautiously on. Each shelf grew narrower, and the loose pieces of rock at their basements more frequent.

Seventy feet above his father's resting place, Dan found water. While filling his canteen he was startled by a fierce and tremendous growl that seemed to end in a base roar, as it echoed from cliff to cliff; while above the awful noise, he heard his father's terrified voice calling for help!

Springing quickly to an overhanging shelf, Dan stretched himself in position to get a view of the shelf below. There, in the top of the pine, which swung far out over the gulf below, was his father, huddled, and crying out hoarsely for help. At the tree's base floundered and panted a great grizzly bear! With bristling mane and gnashing teeth, he alternately pawed at the cliff and the trunk of the tree. Splinters of bark and twigs flew far out into the air, and dropped to the depths below.

For a moment the bear would rise to his haunches, sniff the air, and again return to his clawing and his fierce belching growls. His anger was furious, and yet he seemed loth to risk his weight upon the slender, swinging tree.

To reach the bed of the wash below, where were guns and ammunition, Dan would be obliged to cross the entire length of the ledge on which the angry animal puffed and bellowed, and, were that possible, he would doubtless be too late to rescue his father, whose position seemed to grow every instant more perilous, as the tree bent with his weight and limbs broke beneath his feet.

For two full minutes, which seemed a time unpardonable, Dan lay and watched, his whole being surprised and paralyzed. Then, with a loud shout, he bade his father try to swing his weight towards the face of the cliff, and to keep tight his hold. Hastily, then, the lad threw aside canteens, coat and boots. From a little

leather breast-pouch he hastily withdrew a small packet, which he slipped beneath his hat-band; and from his trousers pocket he drew a large, strong-bladed knife, the only weapon in his reach. With quick steps he descended the rugged pathway of the cliff. When near his father, and directly above the wide shelf, he shouted, with clear, unfaltering voice:

“Father, hold steady—tell mother good-bye—God be with you!”

Lightly he swung to the shelf’s edge and paused. The great maddened beast whirled around, glared at his slender antagonist, and made a rush. Twice Dan thrust with his knife, and twice the beast struck back; though fearing, apparently, to get near the brink where the boy stood to lure him. A moment the bear paused, then with a fierce gnashing sound of teeth and throat, and a sideward, swinging rush, he rose to his haunches, extended his great claws and grabbed at the youth. Dan stepped back. A terrible cry of protest and of human anguish at that instant reached his ear.

Without seeming to hear, he sprang forward with a mighty thrust, throwing his lithe form upon the panting breast of the furious brute. They grappled—man and beast—struggled, swayed, and plunged to the depths below!

IV.

Two weeks had passed. The freighters, father and son, were expected home in twelve days. Anxiously Mrs. Hudson waited, her only companion the seven-year-old Elin, and a hired boy.

On the fifteenth day Mr. Hudson drove slowly through the home gates, with but three of the seven horses he had taken away, Dan’s horse was saddled and riderless. The father was pale and emaciated, his voice husky, his words of greeting inarticulate.

With trembling limbs he tried to dismount, but fell in an unconscious heap to the ground. For seven days he writhed and tossed in fever and delirium. Often he muttered Dan’s name and something about Christmas, but there seemed no connection.

On the eighth day he wakened suddenly and sat up. To his wife’s pitiful pleadings for Dan—for her boy—he said abruptly:

"Dan! our boy, Dan, oh, yes, Annie, Dan is dead; on Christmas day we will bury him."

Again he relapsed into delirium, and muttered something about the cliff, the awful gnashing noise, and that terrible, bleeding wound. These were the only articulate words the eager, listening woman ever caught.

Slowly the sick man recovered, but was very silent, and the look of pain ever present in his face hushed the questions of his wife, and chilled her very soul.

Once her husband put out his hand, as if to touch hers, but quickly drew it back again, and turned his face to the wall. When at length he walked about, he avoided his wife and child, and seemed ever loth to touch things that had belonged to Dan.

Once she caught him intently watching Elin as she slept; and then, throwing his hands upward as if in dumb, frenzied supplication, he rushed from the room into the midnight darkness, whence he returned not until morning.

Once, only once, she saw him lead Dan's horse to water and caress the animal as it drank.

Then he sat down upon the creek bank and intently eyed his hands. With a sickening shudder she recalled, now, that he avoided touching or being alone with her; and that he had ceased to fondle little Elin, the only being whom he had treated, always, with tenderness. She recalled, also, in face of all this, that he had returned from his trip with but scant clothing, and that terribly begrimed—perhaps stained!

Like a two-edged sword, a great pain entered her heart. Was he—her husband—a—man—of—guilt? Her whole being was smitten; but she rose above her stricken self, determined to find the truth, yet how, God alone could tell! Her very look of fear, and distress had driven her husband, she felt, to silence. An attempt to force him, she knew would be as useless as to seek confession of the hard, unyielding desert cliffs.

Hudson noticed the forced courage, the determination that had come to her, and grew solicitous, almost tender in his helplessness. Nothing was forgotten that would relieve her from labor or care—no harsh words now, no angry acts, but of Dan he never spoke.

Three months thus passed. December weather had come, with cutting winds, but no snow; and the sun was still bright with a sort of winter glare. The fall work was finished, and Hudson now grew restless. For hours, through the day and far into the night, he tramped the garden walk. Two trips he made to distant towns, and preparations for an unnamed journey seemed under way.

One evening, the twenty-first of December, his tramp, tramp, on the garden path was quick and impulsive. Finally it stopped short, and he abruptly entered the room where his wife sat.

“Annie,” he said, in a strange, choking voice, “I have sold—sold the place. I’m going to take you and Elin where people live—where you’ll be happy.”

For a moment the gruff man paused, and stifled a sob.

“Annie, wife,” he went on, “will you go with me, first, to bury *him*? It will be a hard trip; but Dan wished it—on Christmas—his last words. When we get with Dan, I’ll try to tell you all about it—how he—”

With frightened eyes, Annie sprang to her feet, and stared into her husband’s blanched face; and, for answer she sprang into his outstretched arms. Upon his heaving breast she sobbed out the pent up agony, the doubt and distrust of all those cruel weeks.

On December 25, 18—, a funeral was held in Big Pocket Wash, of the Colorado plateaus. Six men had preceded the parents and sister of Dan Hudson, and with strong, tender hands had made all things ready. For a little time the friends withdrew; and there, beside an open grave, in which stood a coffin of strong wood—Dan’s last resting place—Abram Hudson told his wife of his son’s sacrifice; and how he had found the unconscious boy, his flesh mangled and torn, in the embrace of the dead brute; how Dan had revived before his death, and had sent to his mother a message of love. He had wished to be buried there in the wash, and on Christmas day. “I have promised,” he said. “to spend Christmas with my mother. She will come, and the promise will be fulfilled—her boy will be near.”

“I stripped off my clothing, Annie, to bind his bleeding wounds, and my blankets were his shroud. In the little cave, there, under the cliff, his body waited for burial; but of his suffer-

ing, Annie—my wife—do not ask. In his hatband I found this—a tress of his mother's hair, turned round one of his own black curls; but better than all else were his last dear words—‘As my mother loves you, and is true, love and cherish her; and forget not, my father, that the Son of God was sacrificed to save us all.’ ”

* * * * *

Ten years after the funeral in Big Pocket Wash, of the Colorado plateaus, Abram Hudson, a rugged old man with whitened hair, was seen to enter a cosy cottage home—his home and Annie's—in one of Utah's thrifty towns.

“Little mother,” he said, (that was his form of tenderest greeting) “little mother, I have bought Tom Brown's carriage—don't look frightened, I'm not fixin' to run off. The rig is strong and easy-riding, and has a warm, thick cover. It is Christmas next week, you know, and I thought you and me and Elin would just go and spend it in the wash—a sort of thanksgiving Christmas, Annie. I'd like to spend a day near Dan, again, and I'd like to tell the Lord, while I'm there, that we know our blessings are from him, and are worth more than the gold of the whole world.”

Annie Hudson's answer was a sob of unspeakable joy.

Provo, Utah.

The British Budget was rejected by the House of Lords on November 30, by a vote of 350 to 75. The action was taken against the advice of many of the peers who warned the Lords of the danger of the policy adopted. By this action of the Lords a new issue is introduced into British politics, which in importance far transcends the question of the budget. The House of Lords is almost entirely a hereditary body, and the question is whether they have the right to overrule the House of Commons, which is a representative body, on the questions of finance. It has never before happened that a budget providing the revenues for the year, duly passed by the House of Commons, has failed to receive the consent of the House of Lords, and on December 2, the House of Commons, by a vote of 349 to 134 adopted a resolution declaring that the action of the House of Lords was “a breech of the constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the House of Commons,” and on the following day the King prorogued the Parliament until January 17, 1910. The question now goes to the people.

THE HIGHER VIEW.

"Where, where are the men for the on-coming years?"

A graybeard's disconsolate cry;
For he lives in the past, and verily fears
All greatness is dead, or will die.

"Gone, gone are the sires, and the sons are swift passing;
The giants are under the sod.

Where, where are the armies of Israel massing--
The hope of the Kingdom of God?

"Yea, where are the prophets, the songsters, the sages,
God's rulers, through whom he hath reigned
Since Chaos was quickened, and, launched on the ages,
A new world, to glory ordained?

"They are not, they are not, and the fountains are sealed--
Brass above and iron beneath.

Truth's fulness is past, and the portion revealed
Now sleeps as a sword in its sheath."

So the pessimist sang, and his doleful refrain
Smote my ear with sorrowful sound.

Then straightway the spirit within me made plain
A vision from loftier ground:

Not true, said my soul, that the mighty have ceased;
That all greatness is passing away;



Or more precious the knowledge at yesterday's feast
Than the banquet provided today.

In the wide human forest, by Providence planted,
Great trees are yet growing sublime.
When a worn beam shall break--when a new helve is
wanted,
'Twill be found in its season and time.

What though, summoned hence by the Chieftain com-
manding,
Hosts vanish, death-conquered in vain.
On time's stormy shore other legions are landing,
From triumphs on life's spirit plain.

The past is the parent--today, a descendant,
Whose heirs are the ages unborn;
Like springing from like, in a scale still ascendant.
Then how shall the future be shorn?

Deem not the all-wise and almighty Creator
Of stars, suns, and systems untold,
A bankrupt to Fate, an apprentice to Nature;
He is God--the same God as of old.

Can the glory now pale--the intelligence perish,
That founded eternity's throne?
When failed the Good Shepherd his chosen to cherish?
Fear not--he will care for his own.

Orson F. Whitney.



Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

III.—Evan Stephens.

THE GREAT COMMONER IN MUSIC.

Thirty odd years ago two missionaries from Ogden preached one afternoon in Willard. Now it happened that a beardless youth of seventeen led the choir there and played the organ, using

hands and feet for the instrument and head for the singers. After the services, one of the men said to the other: "Here's a musical genius, but he won't stay long in Willard."

And he didn't.

About the same time another preacher audaciously told a Willard congregation that they were harboring a genius in their choir leader, and that presently somebody would come and take him away from them. Immediately the Willardites were inconsolable. They acted as if their singing master had just received a hundred offers, and was on the point of



EVAN STEPHENS.

Director Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir.

accepting them all. "Don't you leave us, my boy," they expostulated; "you won't find anyone that will love you more than we do." But the young genius *did* leave them, notwithstanding, and though he found none to give him greater love, he widened beyond all reckoning the circle of his admiring friends.

That man was Evan Stephens. The very name got to be a name to conjure with in after years. It became associated with big things in music. Over all "Mormondom" was it known. Over all America, too; for "Evan Stephens" and the "'Mormon' tabernacle choir" have become familiar to tens of thousands who know nothing else about the Saints and their faith. Indeed, the writer has met obscure persons in far-off England and Wales, whose notions of the West were dismal as three rainy days, but whose musical recollections included the name, Evan Stephens.

But we are getting ahead of our story.

Three and forty years have now elapsed since the Stephens family reached Willard, fresh from Wales, and a bedraggled trip across the plains with an ox team. There is a fine story connected with this journey, but it is too long to set down here. The family purse had sadly dwindled to an American quarter, two dimes, and a nickel. Luckily, however, a son and a daughter lived there, having immigrated to Utah some years before. Evan was now twelve years old, and as untouched by the divine fire as if he had hailed from a land where music was unknown.

Young Stephens' first job in the new home was herding sheep. He husked corn at the same time, going up now and then to the top of an old shed to see that his flock did not stray where his broken English would have to be brought into too violent a requisition. For this toilsome vigilance he received nothing but the privilege of herding sheep and husking corn, and the prospects of a scolding if any of the sheep went astray. Presently he got another place at an advanced wage; he got his board, and at the end of the year, a suit of clothes to boot for good service. Like the other, it was farm work, only more so. But he gave satisfaction, which proved that the future musician was getting on in the world. From seventeen to twenty he was still on the farm, getting by now a small pittance. This meant extremely hard work and long hours, in consequence of which he had scant time for unbending. Four-

teen hours a day the work beckoned him insistently--plowing and sowing and reaping and a thousand and one things that cry out to be done on the farm. And then there were the chores.

Meantime the Utah and Northern Railroad was under way, and so, like many others along the line, he worked on it for some ready cash. Whether it was this that gave him a taste for railroading, I do not know. Maybe, it was the need for ready cash. Anyhow, his twentieth year found him a section hand on the newly-completed railway at a dollar and thirty-seven cents a day. It should also be known that during these early years when work was slack on the farm, he had helped to build some of the best houses in Willard. That is the way Evan Stephens puts it. But between you and me, his part of this "building" process was carrying the hod!

A refreshing passage in this first record tells us that the boy liked every sort of work on the farm--except threshing, and the threshing he disliked merely because the dust had a nasty habit of getting into his throat, as, indeed, it has with all boys. So, you see, this was not a case of genius pining under the lash of manual labor, and waiting for some fairy prince to carry him off to freedom and a higher work. Not at all. Evan Stephens did not know that he was a genius. Only his friends from a distance knew that. *He* was too modest even to suspect it. And so he took the world as it came, plodding along as if he were made of the same inner stuff with his fellows.

No; that is not quite correct, either. He only *appeared* to be going on in that way. In reality he was leading an altogether different sort of life.

For one evening something happened. It was the first year after his arrival at Willard, while he worked for his board. The choir came to the house for practice. Now, whenever this body of singers came to your house in those days you just had to sing, that was all; and so young Evan was induced to join the choir. That marked a distinct epoch in his life. He discovered himself there and then. It was like suddenly finding yourself in love. The world all at once took on a new look. The face of things changed. Instantly there was rhythm in the soûhing of the wind, in the rustling of the leaves, in the grass and the trees and the flowers, in whatever lived and moved and had its being. And the boy's foot-

steps unconsciously took on a rhythmic swing as he trod his way, high-spirited, to and from the field. It was a great moment for Evan Stephens, and for the whole of "Mormondom," that evening with the choir in the little town that nestled, and still nestles, under the protecting brows of that rough old mountain up there in Box Elder county.

The musical impulse thus received grew into an abiding passion. John Stephens, Evan's brother, loved music and had an organ in his home—an incredibly small organ—which he let young Evan play. The rest of the family wanted it distinctly understood that they would not be responsible for anything that might happen to the valued instrument—which shows what they thought of his musical talents. Very likely though, they had never heard of that evening with the choir. Well, nothing at all happened to the organ, but something befel the young musician—he learned to play with incredible rapidity and skill. Afterwards, in his insatiable hunt for compositions, he stumbled upon a book of music. Eureka! He pocketed it forthwith as a pearl of great price, which it was, for printed music was rare, in Willard, as Lowell's day in June. Not that the boy knew how to read music, but he meant to learn, and that, in him, was like knowing. So whenever he got a spare moment, out came the book for a fresh reading, or rather, singing. Now, as it happened, it contained "Jerusalem, my Glorious Home," and one or two more which he knew. He therefore picked out others from these, and in that way learned the musical scale and the meaning of the hundred odd little marks out of which the song birds get such melody.

As for the rest, it came easy enough. He borrowed whatever he could of music, in print or manuscript, ate everything whole, so to speak, and looked about hungrily for more. Once he came upon a soiled copy of the *Messiah*. We need no higher proof of his musical ability than the fact that he, a stripling of thirteen or fourteen, newly awakened, could even understand this great classic, let alone being profoundly moved by its great harmonies. From now on he was constantly associated with everything musical and dramatic in the town. When the ward purchased an organ, Evan was made organist, and later choir leader, though without resigning his place at the instrument. It was at

this time the missionaries discovered the genius lurking in Willard.

Meantime, Stephens had become, by natural gravitation, the musical nucleus of the town. The young people gathered about him. Feeling the need of education--for Evan had only one or two short winters of schooling--the young men of the town met for the purpose of studying. They had no teacher, but the more advanced taught the others. It was a sort of mutual improvement association. Stephens' example in joining the choir was followed by every other young man in Willard. When Evan went to work on the railroad as section hand, he bought a house and lot—a two-room, adobe structure with dirt roof—for which he agreed to pay five hundred dollars. Here he batched it, drawing around him all the music-lovers of the town. And here they met to practice for glee club, choir, and dramatic presentations. To facilitate this work, Evan invested in a small organ, which could be carried about from place to place wherever they went.

Meanwhile, too, he yearned for some adequate means of self-expression, not only in the composition of songs, hymns, and musical plays, but likewise in the better sense of reaching a wider public, in uplifting as many as possible to the delights of the divine art. Some of his compositions were published in the *Juvenile Instructor*, and two operatics were played, not only at Willard, but at Logan. It was at this time that Stephens took up first with the training of children, the thing that brought him into prominence. "Throughout my life," said he in explanation of this work with others, when he got nothing for it, "I have found my greatest joy and my greatest usefulness to others to be one and the same thing." The instinct of the genuine artist, this, which impels him to give rather than to be always receiving. And this is the central fact in Evan Steptens' life, the fact that will best explain what he has done.

In his twenty-fourth year he was on the gravel train, which ran north, and sometimes stayed between Willard and Logan for days. At such times Evan amused and instructed himself, when he was not working, by playing on the organ,—for he carried the instrument with him. Often the young people came from Willard, and then how all the unpopulous region became alive with song!

Another thing happened on one of these occasions. Alex. Lewis, of Logan, leader of the choir there, came into camp one day. Now the organist in the temple city had gone on a mission, and they wanted his place filled. "This youth on the gravel train is my man," thought Lewis. And so an offer was made him. But Evan, remembering how he was loved at Willard, said he would go if they found him a place with more money than he was getting. Thus he thought to throw discouragement in the way. First thing he knew, however, they sent him word that they had got him a place at fifty cents a day more than his present wage. Afterwards he learned that the "place" was not what he thought it was—it was striker at the Logan shops—but he had given his word, and that ended it.

At Logan he created a sensation. But the job at the depot stuck in his throat. And after a reasonable time he returned to the gravel train among his old friends. The Loganites, though, had got a taste of his genius and would not give up so easily. And so we find him presently back at Logan devoting his whole time to the training of children's choruses and giving private lessons in music.

These choruses attracted the attention of some Salt Lake people during the quarterly conferences, and so it was not long before Evan Stephens was induced to come to the city. Partly he came to study, but partly he came to take up his work among the children. He met with instant success. Two hundred children came under his training. He had besides a glee club, which afterwards became a choral society. A couple of concerts in the theatre had such an effect as to bring him immediately two hundred more children for his chorus. He was now in his twenty-eighth year. A concert in the tabernacle sent his name through "Mormondom." New demands came thick and fast. Ogden wanted him one day a week. He accepted and trained five hundred children there. Springville wanted him, and he had another giant class in that place. The University of Utah wanted him. At this request, however, he balked. "My language is too poor, I make too many mistakes in grammar," he said modestly to Dr. Park, when he got his breath. The Doctor had been an attentive listener at his training classes in the old Council House. "I don't want you for

grammar," explained the president, "I want you to teach music." And he accepted.

Of Evan Stephens' successes after that I need not speak. They are too well known to require it. He has been an uplifting influence in our music. He has trained some of our best singers. He has done more than any other person to raise the tone of our musical numbers from "Jerusalem, my Glorious Home," and "Hard Times, Come Again no More," to classics. He has increased our tabernacle choir from seventy-five members to five hundred odd. A glance at the musical programs given by Evan Stephens during the last twenty-five years reveals the immense range of the numbers. There is nothing small about Stephens, except his stature. The sweep of his musical range is tremendous, including the best of the past as well as the best of the present and the significant music of all nations. He has had the signal credit—for it is one—to be singing selections from new men at a time when they were decried in the East, and then to see those men come into high prominence and musical favor—which speaks well for his judgment and independence.

And he has done everything on a large scale. He believes in centralization, rather than individualism. Of course, he believes in ward choirs, choral societies, and so on, but he believes that in any town where there are several wards and much music there ought to be a union of singers into one central body, and for these reasons: first, only large bodies can produce the massive effects in music, can sing the big things. "You may pile up rocks and earth here to make the heap look like a mountain," is the way he puts it, "but it does not lift the soul like the Wasatch." And then it provides a center for the musical interest. In music, as in everything else, union gives strength and power.

Evan Stephens is the true type of the musical man in the Church. His music breathes the spirit and genius of "Mormonism." It is distinctly "Mormon." This is seen in his ideas about what a "Mormon" musician ought to be. First, he should tingle to his finger tips with a passion for music. He should be saturated with music, without losing the spirit of the gospel. Then he should have an intense love for the community—have a desire to give to them the best he can gather. He ought to be endowed abundantly

"with that all-pervading love to control him so that he will desire to *get* only in order to *give* out again—to want all merely to impart."

He, therefore, has not much patience with the craving in young musical persons hereabouts for hurrying off to Boston or New York, London or Germany or Paris. In the first place, he thinks that rushing off to places where you spend fifteen to twenty-five hundred dollars a year of borrowed money impairs your sense of obligation, crushes to a considerable extent those finer sensibilities so indispensable in music. And in the next place going away to study for individual work disqualifies most persons for usefulness to anyone but themselves. The tendency in the world is the very opposite of what it must necessarily be among the Saints. The measure of a musician in "Mormondom" is the amount of good he is doing, and can do, in the community, in the world, the height he attains in his selfishly individual work.

These are high ideas, and amply justify the title we have given Evan Stephens, the Great Commoner in Music.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The seals in Bering sea will form a subject for Congressional discussion and action this winter. In April of this year the contract made in 1890, to last for 20 years between the government and the North American Commercial company, will expire. This contract provided that the company should have a monopoly of seal killing on the Pribilof islands, for which it agreed to pay the government about \$10 for each skin. The company agreed to kill only young male seals, and only on land. The company hires natives to do the killing at 75 cents a skin; these skins are sold in London for \$30 each. When our country purchased Alaska, and the islands along with it, the seal herd numbered millions; now the number is estimated at 150,000. It seems impossible for the government to control the sealing industry, as the seals remain on Pribilof islands only for the breeding season. On going and coming from the islands, Japanese and Canadian "poachers" intercept the seals, killing both male and female, and so the herd is in danger of extinction. The government is trying to avoid international trouble, and to get the powers to aid in protecting the herd when feeding at sea.

Editor's Table.

The Love of Mother.

The Granite stake of Zion has set aside Tuesday evening of each week for a "Home Evening." Every family in the stake is asked to be at home, and the time is to be spent for the use and benefit of the home. The parents are to teach their children the gospel, there are to be songs, hymns, music, scripture readings, instructions, games, refreshments and counsel—a getting nearer together, in the family circle. The movement was started by a large meeting of parents in the stake tabernacle recently. At this meeting President Joseph F. Smith delivered a stirring sermon on "Family Government," and from his remarks on this occasion are selected these beautiful and instructive sentiments on "The Love of Mother:"

I learned in my childhood, as most children, probably, have learned, more or less at least, that no love in all the world can equal the love of a true mother.

I did not think in those days and still I am at a loss to know how it would be possible for anyone to love her children more truly than did my mother. I have felt sometimes how could even the Father love his children more than my mother loved her children? It was life to me; it was strength; it was encouragement; it was love that begot love or *likeness* in myself. I knew she loved me with all her heart. She loved her children with all her soul. She would toil and labor and sacrifice herself day and night, for the temporal comforts and blessings that she could meagerly give, through the results of her own labors, to her children. There was no sacrifice of self—of her own time, of her leisure, or pleasure, or opportunities for rest—that was considered for a moment, when it came in comparison with her duty and her love to her children.

When I was fifteen years of age, and called to go to a foreign country to preach the gospel—or to learn how, and to learn it for myself—the strongest anchor that was fixed in my life, and that helped to hold my ambition and my desire steady, to bring me upon a level and keep me straight, was that love which I knew she had for me, who bore me into the world.

Only a little boy, not matured at all in judgment, without the advantage of education, thrown in the midst of the greatest allurements and temptations that it was possible for any boy or any man to be subjected to,—and yet, whenever those temptations became most alluring and most tempting to me; the first thought that rose in my soul was this: “Remember the love of your mother. Remember how she strove for your welfare. Remember how willing she was to sacrifice her life for your good. Remember what she taught you in your childhood, and how she insisted upon your reading the New Testament—the only book, except a few little school books, that we had in the family, or that was within reach of us at that time. This feeling toward my mother became a defense, a barrier between me and temptation, so that I could turn aside from temptation and sin by the help of the Lord and the love begotten in my soul, toward her whom I knew loved me more than anybody else in all the world, and more than any other living being could love me.

A wife may love her husband, but it is different to that of the love of mother to her child. The true mother, the mother who has the fear of God and the love of truth in her soul, would never hide from danger or evil and leave her child exposed to it. But as natural as it is for the sparks to fly upward, as natural as it is to breathe the breath of life, if there were danger coming to her child, she would step between the child and that danger; she would defend her child to the uttermost. Her life would be nothing in the balance, in comparison with the life of her child. That is the love of true motherhood—for children.

Her love for her husband would be different, for if danger should come to him, as natural as it would be for her to step between her child and danger, instead her disposition would be to step behind her husband for protection; and that is the difference between the love of mother for children and the love of wife for husband—there is a great difference between the two.

I have learned to place a high estimate upon the love of mother. I have often said, and will repeat it, that the love of a true mother comes nearer being like the love of God than any other kind of love. The father may love his children, too; and next to the love that the mother feels for her child, unquestionably and rightfully, too, comes the love that the father feels for his child. But, as it has been illustrated here by Brother Anderson, the love of the father is of a different character, or degree, to the love of the mother for her child: illustrated by the fact he related here of having the privilege of working with his boy, having him in his presence, becoming more intimate with him, learning his characteristics more clearly; becoming more familiar and more closely related to him; the result of which was that his love for his boy increased, and the love of the boy increased for his father, for the same reason, merely because of that closer association. So the child learns to love its mother best, as a rule, when the mother is good, wise, prudent, and intelligent, because the child is with her more, they are more familiar with each other and understand each other better.

Now, this is the thought that I desire to express: Fathers, if you wish your children to be taught in the principles of the gospel, if you wish them to love the truth and understand it, if you wish them to be obedient to and united with you, love them! and prove to them that you do love them, by your every word or act to them. For your own sake, for the love that should exist between you and your boys—however wayward they might be, or one or the other might be, when you speak or talk to them, do it not in anger; do it not harshly, in a condemning spirit. Speak to them kindly: get down and weep with them, if necessary, and get them to shed tears with you if possible. Soften their hearts; get them to feel tenderly towards you. Use no lash and no violence, but argue, or rather reason—approach them with reason, with persuasion and love unfeigned. With these means, if you cannot gain your boys and your girls, they will prove to be reprobate to you; and there will be no means left in the world by which you can win them to yourselves. But, get them to feel as you feel, have interest in the things in which you take interest, to love the gospel as you love it, to love one another as you love them; to love their parents as

the parents love the children. You can't do it any other way. You can't do it by unkindness; you cannot do it by driving—our children are like we are: we couldn't be driven; we can't be driven now. We are like some other animals that we know of in the world: You can coax them; you can lead them, by holding out inducements to them and by speaking kindly to them, but you can't drive them; they won't be driven. *We won't be driven.* Men are not in the habit of being driven; they are not made that way.

That is not the way that God intended, in the beginning, to deal with his children—by force. It is all free love, free grace. The poet expressed it in these words:

"Know this that every soul is free,
To choose his course and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven."

You can't force your boys, nor your girls into heaven. You may force them to hell—by using harsh means in the efforts to make them good, when you yourselves are not as good as you should be. The man that will be angry at his boy, and try to correct him while he is in anger, is in the greatest fault; he is more to be pitied and more to be condemned than the child who has done wrong. You can only correct your children in love, in kindness—by love unfeigned, by persuasion and reason.

When I was a child, sometimes a wayward, disobedient little boy—not that I was wilfully disobedient, but I would forget what I ought to do; I would go off with playful boys and be absent when I should have been at home, and I would forget to do things I was asked to do. Then I would go home, feel guilty, know that I was guilty, that I had neglected my duty and that I deserved punishment.

On one occasion I had done something that was not just right, and my mother said to me: "Now, Joseph, if you do that again I shall have to whip you." Well, time went on, and by and by I forgot it, and I did something similar again; and this is the one thing that I admired more, perhaps, than any secondary thing in her; it was that when she made a promise she kept it. She never made a promise, that I know of, that she did not keep.

Well, I was called to account. She said: "Now, I told you. You knew that if you did this I would have to whip you, for I said

I would. I must do it. I do not want to do it. It hurts me worse than it does you, but I must whip you."

Well, she had a little rawhide, already there, and while she was talking or reasoning with me, showing me how much I deserved it and how painful it was to her to inflict the punishment I deserved—I had only one thought and that was: "For goodness sake, whip me; do not reason with me;" for I felt the lash of her just criticism and admonition a thousand fold worse than I did the switch. I felt as if, when she laid the lash on me, I had at least partly paid my debt and had answered for my wrong doing. Her reasoning cut me down into the quick; it made me feel sorry to the very core.

I could have endured a hundred lashes with the rawhide better than I could endure a ten minutes talk in which I felt and was made to feel that the punishment inflicted upon me was painful to her that I loved—punishment upon my own mother!

(During the time the President was relating these incidents, he spoke with great feeling, and at this point was obliged to stop his discourse for a time, to calm his feelings; then he continued:)

You must excuse me. There are two divine personages that I can scarcely think or talk about without it softens my spirit and brings me down to the similitude of a little child; and those two beings are my mother and my Redeemer! My Redeemer, the Savior of my soul, my Redeemer from sin—Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of the living God, he who restored the fulness of his gospel and the plan of life and salvation, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the dispensation in which we live. I cannot read the New Testament about the Lord but it softens my soul. When I think of him and of the humiliation that he passed through, the death that he suffered for the redemption of man, I am captured and captivated, and I can't help myself. I thank the Lord that this is so.

If Thy Brother Offend Thee.

You are reconciled to your brother? You have done well. For much difficulty could be avoided if brethren would observe this law

of the Lord. And by this means, too, the kindly and upbuilding spirit of the community would be largely increased and spread abroad.

In questions of public policy men may differ. In the debates of political campaigns that precede and follow elections there is often much ill temper displayed. Some brethren are so unwise as to get over-excited, and work themselves up to believing that unless their policies prevail, ruin will come upon land and people. Those who think otherwise are sometimes abused, and called bad names. They are even pictured in public prints in the vilest terms. Men call each other liars, deceivers and reprobates, and impugn each other's motives in every action. Enmities are thus formed that last between brethren through life, and that mar the success of their public services, and make their private lives unhappy.

Others take umbrage at the actions of their brethren who are in the public service, and without understanding their motives, ignorantly condemn their policies. They often work themselves up into a fever of excitement that would be as ridiculous and unpraiseworthy in their own eyes as it is in the eyes of their brethren, if they themselves would only approach and look at the subject from the viewpoint of justice and right.

A man has no right to unjustly condemn the actions of his brother, or to abuse him; and, if in the heat of excitement he unwisely and foolishly shall say things that are evil, unjust, and that traduce the character of his brother, he should be man enough when he learns better, and finds that he has actually sinned against his brother, to ask his brother's forgiveness. He should go in humility, recognizing the requirements of the law of reconciliation which the Lord has revealed to his people, and ask the pardon and forgiveness of his offended brother. He sins grievously in the sight of his Father in heaven as well as before the Saints in continuing to bear enmity and to cherish evil in his heart.

The simple law requires that, if thy brother offend thee, take him between him and thee alone, and if he confess, thou shalt be reconciled. If he confess not, thou shalt deliver him up to the elders of the Church.

But one says, "I am right, and my brother should therefore

come to me." And the other, of course, declares he also is right, and that his brother should come to him. Who shall begin the reconciliation? Both; it is as much one's duty as the other's to have the difficulty settled. Then, if they cannot adjust the differences between themselves, they should agree to call the elders of the Church, and never rest until the hour of reconciliation comes.

Any other course, and especially one that harbors continued ill feelings without effort or desire towards reconciliation, is wrong in the sight of the Lord. It is detrimental not only to the individuals concerned, in that it stifles the feelings of brotherhood that should exist between members of the Church, but it is a hindrance to the progress and growth of the Church, and a grievous stumbling block to its members.

In case the offending brethren cannot become reconciled to each other, the officers of the Church should be called to aid, and when an offender persists in slander, lies, and in vituperating his brother or brethren, and refuses to listen to reason or to become reconciled, he should be dealt with for his fellowship. The Church should be freed from such as wilfully refuse to obey the law of the Lord in these matters.

But, as prevention is better than cure, would it not be best, by the exercise of a little forethought, to forestall the evil by not flying into a passion at the least provocation; and to seriously consider the fact that there are few if any reasons that are of interest and value enough to warrant the setting of friends and brethren at enmity? And political differences figure as the most insignificant of these.

Let every man seek to hold his temper in subjection to reason and justice, and before he passes judgment upon his brother weigh carefully the facts. If then it is necessary to pass restrictions or utter contrary views, let that be done in reason, calmly, with deliberate judgment, and with a desire for the best good of all concerned. If your views are not finally adopted, it is neither sensible nor right to abuse and slander brethren who differ from you in matters of public policy. He who persists in it after due warning should answer for his folly before the elders of the Church.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Messages from the Missions.

The Ministers Association of Laconia, New Hampshire, early in October, printed an open letter in the Laconia *Democrat* warning the community against "Mormon" workers "whose system of religious faith is founded on the Book of Mormon and revelations." They regard the success of these missionaries as detrimental to the best interests of the community, and have no faith in their claims to "receive directions and policies supernaturally." They complain also that the "Mormon" institution was long in rebellion against the United States, and warn those who have patriotic love for their country, and who hold dear the church and the home, as the ministers enjoy them in their enlightened section, to have no interest in, nor to extend nor increase the power and influence of, this religious system. "For," they say, "any success that may attend the efforts of these representatives in the 'Mormon' Church means so much a detriment to our dearest domestic and religious institutions," and they close with the wish that "the sooner they depart from our midst, the better it will be for all our people." This open letter was printed on the 15th of October, in the *Democrat*, and on the 29th of October, President Ben E. Rich wrote a reply which the Laconia *Democrat* cheerfully gave space to. President Rich asks whether the ministers drew their inspiration from that part of ancient history which refers to the fashionable high priests of Jerusalem, who he thinks, no doubt, passed similar resolutions against the Church of Jesus Christ of Former-day Saints. He calls attention to the fact that he is a descendant, both on the part of father and mother, of Revolutionary soldiers, and that a part of their work consisted in having one government upon the earth that would not be controlled by bigoted ministers, but would be a land of religious liberty; and then he says:

"If I want to believe that the gospel taught by Christ and his apostles was to be an everlasting gospel, that is none of your business. If you want to believe that it was an everlastingly changeable gospel, that is none of my business. If I want to believe the doctrine of 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism,' as taught by Paul, that is none of your business; if you want to believe in a gospel made up of different kinds of faiths and different kinds of baptisms, that is none of my business. I enclose you our Articles of Faith. If you do not like them, you do not have to accept them. If I do not like yours, I do not have to accept them. But how thankful all men should be that such men as you are not running the government of the United States. We would have a return of the old-fashioned fireworks which surrounded the stakes in the days of witchery, when one man's life was in danger if he believed a little

different than some other man. God bless the United States of America and protect it from bigotry."

On the 3rd of November the *News and Critic* took up the discussion and suggested that before the "Mormons" are given full blast, there ought to be a commission chosen to look into their articles of faith and to decide if it is safe and sensible. The article closes in this fashion: "If these Mormons are going around telling the easily worked that they will have to take 'ours' or hell awaits, they might get a whole lot of people who could be just as well accommodated by the religious institutions we have with us." In the reply to the *News and Critic*, which, by the by, the paper returned unprinted, President Rich wrote in part:

"I am afraid you are going to have a hard job in gathering together a suitable committee out of this babel of religious and irreligious confusion. Furthermore, Mr. *Critic*, how do you think the Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics, Baptists, or others doing missionary work among the 'Mormons' would like to have their religion investigated before a 'Mormon' committee to see whether it would be suitable for the people or not? Don't you think it would be just as reasonable for the 'Mormons' to make this demand? This brings us back to your original recommendation, that a 'consolidation rather than an increase of churches, is really necessary. I will recommend that our united prayer be for a return of primitive Christianity, with all its ancient gifts, blessings and promises. I am willing to appear before your committee with such a gospel just as soon as your committee is ready to receive me. Please let me know when the just and impartial committee—unbiased, and not tinctured with prejudice—will be ready to receive me, and I will be on hand to present my claims that the gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to the earth in fulfilment of prophecy, that its mission aims to consolidate all churches into primitive Christianity, bringing men to a knowledge of God and giving them a testimony for themselves that the work we represent is true. Yours very truly."

Elder T. L. Hatch writes from Cork, Ireland, November 27, 1909, making a correction which we cheerfully print:

"In connection with the article, 'The South of Ireland,' in the November number of the ERA, you incorrectly gave me the honor of being president of the Irish conference.' At the time I wrote, Elder T. J. Bennett was presiding over the work in Ireland, (see names and explanations accompanying pictures of 'Irish farm house,' also second picture of 'Blarney Castle,' where I mention Elder Bennett as 'president of the Irish conference.' Elder Bennett has now been released, and is on his way home. Elder William W. Osborn is now presiding over the Irish conference. I have no desire to be given the honor which belongs to my esteemed brethren, Elders Bennett and Osborn. I beg to remain, yours faithfully, T. L. Hatch."

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

Priesthood Quorums Studies.—In reply to a number of questions, the Committee on Priesthood Quorums Study announce that the following subjects will be taken up for the year 1910: Seventies, "The Doctrine of Deity;" High Priests, "History of the Gospel;" Elders, "Duties and Principles from the Doctrine and Covenants and Modern Revelation;" Priests, "Divine Mission of the Savior;" Teachers, "Life of Christ;" Deacons, "Book of Mormon." The manuals, it is believed, will be ready early in January for distribution. They were placed in the hands of the printers December 15, and orders may be sent now to the IMPROVEMENT ERA, 20-22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, and will receive prompt attention and as soon as outlines are ready, in the order in which received.

Meetings of Seventies at each Stake Conference.—The First Council feel constrained to offer the following items of instruction, to the local councils of the various quorums of Seventy:

The work of the Lord is constantly expanding, and necessarily demands more and more of the time of the presiding authorities, to regulate, and set in order its various departments. In order to meet the requirements made upon them, the leading brethren are compelled to crowd their many labors into as small a period of time as is consistent with the importance of the various matters that come under their jurisdiction. There are sixty organized stakes in Zion, each holding four stake conferences yearly, making two hundred and forty conferences every year. When the weeks are eliminated during which the general conferences of the Church are held, and during which some of the most general, and important holdings occur, every other week throughout the year has some six stake conference appointments, nearly all of which the Council of the Twelve undertake to attend. This great demand made upon the time of the Twelve, in addition to their many other important labors, has made it necessary for them to call upon the First Council of Seventy to assist them in attending stake conferences.

The First Council has been instructed to refrain as much as is consistent with the welfare of the quorums of Seventy, from making appointments with the quorums, that would prevent them from responding to the calls that are made upon them by the Twelve, to attend stake conferences.

There are one hundred and fifty-six quorums of Seventy in the Church at the present time; very little thought is necessary on the part of those

who have the management of the various quorums in hand, to make plain to them the utter impossibility of the First Council making special visits to each quorum, every time that changes occur and attention becomes necessary. The work required can be accomplished, if the presidents of quorums of Seventy in each stake will be on the alert to bring all essential business before the members of the First Council as they visit the stakes in attendance upon quarterly conferences.

The councils of quorums throughout the Church are urged to give careful attention to the needs of the quorums, and always be ready to aid the First Council in the accomplishment of the work that is required of them. If local councils will be prepared to bring to the attention of visiting members of the First Council, matters that affect the welfare of the quorums, much good work can be performed in the interest of the Seventies, during the time of holding stake conferences.

Whenever there is business of more than ordinary importance to be attended to, such as increasing the membership of a quorum by ordaining new members, installing new presidents, etc., the First Council should be notified at least two weeks prior to the holding of the conference at which such matters are to receive attention. The giving of a timely notice will enable the presiding council to make such appointments as will insure attention to all important matters, expedite business, and avoid disappointments.

Presidents of quorums are expected to have all the members understand that a meeting of the seventies will be held in connection with each stake conference. Every seventy should be made to feel the necessity of attending these special meetings, also the advantage and blessing of being present at all stake conferences.

Special appointments will be made in the interest of the quorums of Seventy as often as circumstances will permit, or the necessities of the quorums may demand. In addition to these appointments, much work must be attended to during the time of holding the various conferences, in order to keep the quorums in good working condition.

“Wherefore now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office to which he is appointed, in all diligence.

“He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved, shall not be counted worthy to stand.”

The New Course of Study.—The Committee on Course of Study make the following statements and suggestions in the Preface of the Outlines for 1910, in which class teachers as well as members will be deeply interested:

“In sending out the second series of outlines for the quorums of

the Priesthood, we desire to express gratification at the impetus the Priesthood movement took upon itself last year. It was not only a step towards the destined prominence of the quorums in the Church—it was a bound.

“Expressions of appreciation of the interest manifested in Priesthood meetings came from every stake, and the increased activity among individuals and quorums is indeed commendable.

“But favorable as the general improvement was, after all, it was only a beginning, and inconveniences and difficulties were met that tended to slacken interest and retard progress. One of these was the length of the lessons. The purpose of *Part Two* in the course last year was not accomplished. Many spent so much time of the class recitation considering *Part One* that no opportunity was left to give sufficient thought to the assignment of duties. Others failed to consider at all the practical suggestions in *Part Two*.

“In these lessons, greater care has been taken to emphasize a thought in each lesson that will be applicable to the members of the class, and the presidents of quorums and class instructors are urged to make the application. Some suggestions appear at the end of every lesson, but they are, of course, only suggestive; and it is expected that quorums everywhere will introduce into their daily lives the suggestions and truths developed in these courses of study.

“‘To him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.’ ‘Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven.

“‘Give all members something to do every week. Let them work; have them work; help them work.

“Another difficulty was met in keeping up the attendance and interest during the summer months. Some of the stakes succeeded in carrying out the course just as it was recommended one year ago, and some of the wards did excellent work, even during the busiest season of the year. But many adjourned, some for one reason, and some for another. Now there are thirty-six lessons this year, as there were last; and it is again suggested that those who continue for twelve months take up three lessons each month, one day each month being occupied with special instructions to ward teachers and other matters arranged by the local and stake officers. Others who feel that they are compelled to adjourn, must arrange as best they can to complete the course of thirty-six lessons, and have their local monthly priesthood meetings as well.

“Perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of success was the lack of preparation on the part of class instructors. None-preparation is inexcusable. Wilful non-preparation is sinful. To aid president and teacher in the preparing of their lessons, each quorum should receive help from

stake authorities specially appointed to give instructions to the representatives of the various quorums and classes in the stake priesthood meeting. After the general instructions from the stake presidency and high council are given, quorums could adjourn to different rooms or parts in the same room, and there receive suggestions on lessons and duties for the next month.

"Now, brethren, may the Lord bless you with the spirit of this great work! May every man feel a desire to do his part in making the quorums of Priesthood in very deed the power of the Church, the strength of Zion. Let the movement so well begun last year be accelerated in this, and so continue until the purposes of the Almighty are accomplished."

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.



ELDERS OF THE SOUTH TEXAS CONFERENCE.

Left to right: Niels Christiansen, J. C. Qualman, G. M. Smith, J. F. Mitchell, W. A. Lougy, J. S. Martin. Middle row: W. A. Bishop, J. D. Pratt, S.O. Bennion, (Mission President); M. F. Hixson (Conference President); P. D. McArthur. Bottom row: W. B. Stoddard, M. A. Nielsen, R. W. Seaman, A. H. West.

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